

Accessions

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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K 14.1. Hamlet's Soliloquy on Yorick's Skull
imitated. The Devil, invisible to the company, but
seen by the Spectators; compare this with Macbeth
seeing the Spirit of Banquo, and Hamlet that of
his father, whilst at the same time it is invisible to
his Mother.

Note Communicated by Mr. Rodd.

County Records

1820

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been born in the County of ... during the year 1820. The names are arranged in alphabetical order.

...

THE DIVILS CHARTER: A TRAGÆDIE

Containing the Life and Death of
Pope ALEXANDER the sixth.

As it was plaide before the Kings Maiestic,
vpon Candlemasse night last: by his
Maiesties Seruants.

*But more exactly renewed, corrected, and augmen-
ted since by the Author, for the more plea-
sure and profit of the Reader.*



AT LONDON
Printed by G. E. for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at
his shop in New-gate market, neere Christ
church gate. 1607.

Thomas Robert Barton

15. 1. 539

May, 1873

TO THE
HONORABLE AND HIS
VERY DEARE FRIENDS
SIR WILLIAM HERBERT,
AND SIR WILLIAM
POPE KNIGHTS,
ASSOCIATES IN THE
NOBLE ORDER OF
THE BATHE.

BARNABE BARNES CONSE-
CRATETH HIS LOVE.

FRANKLIN D. BARNES

PRINTED BY

JOHN BARNES & CO. LONDON

The Tragædie of *Alexander* the 6.

PROLOGVS.

GRacious spectators doe not heere expect,
Visions of pleasure, amorous discourse:
Our subiect is of blond and Tragedie,
Murther, foule Incest, and Hypocrisie.
Behold the Strumpet of prond Babylon,
Her Cup with fornication foaming full
Of Gods high wrath and vengeance for that euill,
Which was imposd vpon her by the Diuill.

Francis Guicchiardine.

SEnt from the Christall Palace of true *Fame*,
And bright Starre-Chamber of eternall soules,
Seuerd from Angels fellowship awhile,
To dwell with mortall bodies here on earth:
I *Francis Guicchiardine* a *Florentine*,
Ain by the powerfull and commanding *Muse*,
(Which beareth domination in our soules)
Sent downe to let you see the Tragedie,
Of *Roderigo Borgia* lately Pope,
Calld the sixt *Alexander*, with his sonne
Proud *Cesar*: to present vnto your eyes,
Their faithlesse, fearelesse, and ambitious liues:
And first by what vngodly meanes and Art,
Hee did attaine the Triple-Diadem,
This vision offerd to your eyes declares.

Hee with a siluer rod mooneth the ayre three times.

Enter,

At one doore betwixt two other Cardinals, Roderigo in his purple habit close in conference with them, one of which hee guideth to a Tent, where a Table is furnished with diuers bagges of money, which that Cardinall beareth away: and to another Tent the other Cardinall, where hee deliuereth him a great quantity of rich Plate, imbraces, with ioyning of hands. Exeunt Card. Manet Roderigo.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

To whome from an other place a Moncke with a magical booke and rod, in private whispering with Roderick; whome the Monke draweth to a chaire on midst of the Stage which hee circleth, and before it an other Circle; into which (after semblance of reading with exorcisme) appeare exhalations of lightning and sulphurous smoke in midst whereof a diuill in most ugly shape: from which Roderigo turneth his face, hee beeing conured downe after more thunder and fire, ascends another diuill like a Sargeant with a mace, under his girdle: Roderigo disliketh. Hee descendeth: after more thunder and fearefull fire, ascend in robes pontificall with a triple Crowne on his head, and Crosse keyes in his hand: a diuill him ensuing in blacke robes like a pronotary, a cornerd Cappe on his head, a box of Lancets at his girdle, a little peece of fine parchment in his hand, who beeing brought vnto Alexander, hee willingly receiueth him; to whome hee deliuereth the wryting, which seeming to reade, presently the Pronotary strippeth vp Alexanders sleene and letteth his arme bloud in a saucer, and hauing taken a peece from the Pronotary, subscribeth to the parchment; deliuereth it: the remainder of the bloud, the other diuill seemeth to suppe vp; and from him disroabed is put the rich Cap the Tunicle, and the triple Crowne set upon Alexanders head, the Crosse-keyes deliuered into his hands; and withall a magical booke: this donne with thunder and lightning the diuills descend: Alexander aduanceth himselfe, and departeth.

Guicchiardin line.

Thus first with golden bribes he did corrupt
The purple conclaue: then by diuelish art
Sathan transfigur'd like a Pronotarie
To him makes offer of the triple Crowne
For certaine yeares agreed betwixt them two.
The life of action shall expresse the rest.

ACT.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

ACTVS. I. SCÆN. I.

*Enter marching after drummes & trumpets at two severall places,
King Charles of France, Gilbert Mompanseir, Cardinall of
Saint Peter ad Vincula: soldiers: encountering them Lodowik
Sforza, Charles Balbiano, the King of France and Lodowike
embrace.*

Char. Renowned Lodowik our warlike Couzen,
Auspiciously encountred on the skirtes
Of *Pie-mont*, we greeete you ioyfully.

Lodo. Thrice and foreuer most renowned *Charles*,
A faithfull tongue from an vnfained heart
As a iust herrold full of truth and honor
On the behalfe of forlorne *Italie*
Needing and crauing at your Princely hands,
The patronage and true protection
Of such a Potent and victorious King
Humbly salutes your royall Maiesty.
The shippe of which some-time well guided state,
Is through tempestious times malignity
By worthlesse Pilots, foolish Gouverners
Mutually factious, like to sinck through Schismes
Into the bottome of the blacke abysme
Through th' imposition of necessity.
Do not eh do not then (most Christian *Charles*)
Do not forsake hir holding vp hir hands
For succor to your royall Clemency:
Hir sayles are rent, mastes spent and rudder brooke
And vnder water such wide open leakes
As vnder water soone will make her sinke.
Hauing beene bilg'd vpon so many shelues,
So torne, so rotten and so long vnrig'd,
And playing with the waues so and againe
As one not gouerned with helpe of helme.
One then whome nature in his vowes to God,
Hath tied to tender her forlorne estate
With eyes fore-seeing and compassionate,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Retenders her to your high Maiestie,
 A Christian Prince so wise so valiant:
 Vndoubted heire vnto the Crowne of *Naples*,
 By lawfull right of that greate house of *Anion*:
 Of which your grace is well knowne lawfull heire,
 By th' issues of that *Charles* the first, that first
 Of the bloud royall of the Crowne of *France*,
 Obtain'd that Kingdome ages manie past.
 These reasons weare with *Lodowik Sforza* mou'd,
 To moue your Maiesty with martiall force
 To passe these mountaines to possesse your owne.
 March then most Christian and renowned Prince,
 Aduance thy lilly standard potent King:
 And since all skandalls are remou'd and cleer'd,
 Strike vp your cheerefull drummes and march along
 In Gods name; with good auspices of Saint *Denys*,
 I know you doubt not mine integrity:
 Can more grosse error rest in pollicy.
 Then first to raise a turbulent sharpe storme,
 And vnaduisedly to leaue defence
 To doubtfull chance and possibilities.
 To broach strong poyson is too dangerous,
 And not be certaine of the present vertue
 Which is contained in his Antidor.
 Wilde fire permitted without limmit burnes,
 Euen to consume them that first kindled it:
 I did aduise you, I inducted you,
 And *Lodowike*, which brought you on with honor,
 Will bring you of with triumph and renowne.

Char. Embrace me Couzen *Sforza*: by the soules
 Of my forefathers I reioyce as much
 In thy deare friendship and wise industrie,
 As in the more parte of my patrimonie:
 Courage together let vs share all one,
 In life, in death, in purchase or in none.

Enter a Messenger with letters to Charles.
 These newes are fortunate for *Daubigny*,
 Aduertiseth how that the Colonelses,

Although

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

(Although *Alfonso* did accord with them,) Declared haue them-selues for *France* and vs,
Without dissembling or hypocrisie.

Lodo. Why this was it I did expect great *Charles*,
Our armies and our friends haue beene long sowne,
The ground well plowed, the blade is full come vp,
And doubt not we shall haue a ioyfull haruest.

Char. Coosen *Montpansier*
March with your regiments to *Pontremols*,
Expect vs, or from vs directions,
To meete our forces, when wee come neere *Florence*,
There shall you finde the *Swisse* with their Artillerie,
Newly by sea brought vnto *Spetia*,
Come Coosen march we cheerefully together,
Faire is the way, faire fortune, and faire wether,
Montpansier with some souldiers and Ensignes before.
King Charles with Lodowike and his soldiers after.

SCENA. 2.

Enter 2. Gentlemen with Libels in their bands.

1. Gent. Nay such prophane and monstrous *Sodomie*,
Such obscure Incest and Adultery,
Such odious Auarice and perfidie,
Such yinolence and brutish gluttony,
So barren of sincere integritie.

2. Gent. In whom there is no shame nor veritie,
Faith nor religion, but meere cruelty?
Immoderate ambition, guilfull treacherie,
Such prophanation and Apostacie,
And in all falsehood such dexteritie.

1. Gent. As heauens detest, and men on earth distaste.

2. Gent. Such impious sacriledge, such adulation:

1. Gent. Of all good men such detestation.

2. Gent. Such Magick skill, such diuillish incantation.

1. Gent. Apparant figures of damn'd reprobation.

2. Gent. As in all thoughts is thought abhominat[i]on.

1. Gent. Time

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

1. *Gent.* Time will out-strip vs; for the morning starre,
Portends the mounting of faire *Phœbus* Carre.

2. *Gent.* Hast we, for danger drawne on by delay,
Admits no time to tarry till cleere day.

1. *Gent.* Fix on your Papers, these for *Alexander*
And his ambitious *Cæsar*: set on yours.

Hale reuerent Pasquill, Idoll ^{of} flattery,
Accept these sacrifices which we bring. *As hee fixeth on his papers.*

2. *Gent.* These be sinne offerings figuring foule vice.

Oh glorious guider of the golden Spheres,
And thou that from thy pretious lyricke strings
Makes Gods and men in heauen and earth to dance
With sacred touch of sweetest harmony:
Pitty these times, by whose malignitie,
We loose our grace, and thou thy dignity.

1. *Gent.* High Muse, which whilome vertues patronized,
In whose eternall rowles of memory

The famous acts of Princes were comprized

By force of euer-living Historie:

What shall wee doe to call thee backe againe?

True Chronicler of all immortall glory,

When here with mortall men nought is deuif'd,

But how all stories with foule vice to staine:

So that alas thy gracious Oratorie,

Which with meere truth and vertue sympathiz'd,

Is silent; and wee Poets now with paine,

(Which in *Castalian* Fountaines dip'd our quilles)

Are forc'd of mens impietie to plaine;

And well thou wotest, wrought against our wills,

In rugged verse, vile matters to containe:

And herein lurkes the worst of mortall ills,

That *Rome* (which should be Vertues Paradise)

Bare of all good, is wilderness of vice.

2. *Gent.* How luculent and more conspicuous

Euen then the sunne, in cleere Maiestie,

His vehement and more then hellish thirst

Soaring to pearch vpon the spire of honour

Displaies his bastard wings: and in that nest

Where

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Where princely Fawlcens, or *Jones* kingly Birds,
Should hatch their young ones, plants his rauenous Harpies,
His gracelesse, impious, and disaitious sonnes,
Euen in the soueraigne Chaire of domination.

1. *Gent.* But chiefly one, that diuelish Cardinall,
Proud *Cesar*, fast, with fierce impietie:
His Oracle and instrument of shame
In all nefarious plotts and practises,
Is now become as wicked as himselfe:
But hast we now, least any should suspect,

2. *Gent.* Much conference with *Pasquill* may detect vs.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA. 3.

Enter Gismond di Viselli, and after him Barbarossa.

Bar. *Dio vi guarda Signior illustrissimo*: whether in such hast
my noble Lord thus early?

Gis. *Signior Barbarossa* in happy time well encountred, for I
haue some businesse this morning with my brother the Duke
of *Candie*, wherein I would both vse your counsell and cour-
tenance.

Bar. My good Lord *Viselli*, the countenance of your deuoted
poore friend, is of lesse value then his counsell, yet both of very
small validity: such as they be, with his life and best fortunes he
sincerely sacrificeth all to your seruice.

Gis. Pardon mee deere sir no seruice more then recipocall,
and in due partitie betwixt vs, and since wee be so neere it, let vs
not passe *Pasquill* without an *Aue*: what scandalous hyerogli-
phickes haue wee heere?

A. S. P. M.

Auritia, Superbia, Perfidia, Malitia,

Alexander, Sextus, Pontifex, Maximus.

Against my Lord the Popes holinesse such blasphemous impu-
dence, such intollerable bitternesse!

M. P. S. A. These are the same letters with the first begin-
ning at the last, *Magnum Petrum Sequitur Antichristus*. *Phy*
Diabolo, our blessed *Alexander* (being *Saint Peeters* successor)
this diuillish libeller calls *Antichrist*.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Bar. Pause there my Lord a litle, some-what here concernes my Lord the Cardinall *Borgia*.

Gif. Read it good *Barbarossa*.

Bar. *Alexander Casarem suum Galero et purpura donavit ut menstruoso spiritus sui veneno, uniuersum simul conclauē suffocaret.*

Gif. Oh most intollerable abomination?

Bar. *Alexander* adopted his sonne *Casar* into the fellowship of Cardinalls, that he with the menstruous poyson of his breath might choake the whole Conclauē.

Gif. By the blessed alter of Saint *Peeter* this villanie surpasseth patience.

Bar. My Lord here's a long libell.

Gif. Read it good *Barbarossa*: more mischeife of my wife nay read it.

Bar. *Quid mirum? Romæ facta est Lucretia Thais, Vnica Alexandri filia, sponsa rurus.*

The same in effect inseueth.

Welcome good Post from *Rome* tell vs some newes, *Lucrece* is turned *Thais* of the stewes:

In whome her father *Alexander* saw,
His onely daughter, wife, and daughter in law,
Shall I read on my Lord? here is much more.

Gif. Nay read out all, it is but of a whore.

Bar. *Francesco di Gonfaga* was the first,
That married *Lucrece Alexanders* daughter,
And yet the Pope those baines of bridale burst,
And made of marriage sacrament a laughter,
His reason was because that fellow poore,
Lackt maintenance for such a noble whore.

Gif. Malignant aspect of vngratious stars,
Why haue you poynted at my miseries?

Bar. Haue patience good my Lord and here the rest,

Gif. *Patienza per forza*, but this wounds to th' quick.

Bar. *Iohn Sforza* now Lord *Marques of Pescara*,
Was second husband to this ioly dame,
Of natures faculties he being bare,
In like state with his predecessor came,
Because he, when he should haue writ his mind,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Paper well might; but pen or incke none finde.

Gif. Oh villainies of monstrous people,
Fashions and times deformed and vnseasonable,

Bar. Yet my Lord a little haue patience in your
owne cause

Gif. Mallice performe thy worst least comming late,
I with anticipation crosse that fare. Read it, toot man.

Bar. *Gismond Viselli*, nobly descended,
Is for his shamefull match much discommended.

For neuer was the shamelesse *Fuluia*,

Nor *Lais* noted for so many wooers,

Nor that vnchast profuse *Sempronia*.

A common dealer with so many dooers,

So proud, so faithlesse, and so voyd of shame,

As is new brodell bride *Lucretia*,

Take to thee *Gismond* both the skorne and shame,

And liue long iealous of *Lucretia*,

With pushing hornes keepe out all commers in,

For now thy mortall miseries begin.

Gif. Mortall miseries? but we are all mortall,

Fortune I scorne thy malice, and thy meed,

Keepe them vp safe that I may shew them to his holines,

Is this the licence which our citty *Rome*

Hath guen to beastly *Bardes*, and satyrist,

Ribbaldly Rimesters, and malicious curs,

To leaue no state of Church nor seculer,

Free from their ordure, and polution.

Good *Barbarossa* beare me Company:

Exile and Punishment for such base poets,

And stripes with wiery scourges were too little.

Which breathing here in *Rome*, and taking grace:

From the faire Sunne-shine of this hemisphere,

Contaminate that ayre with their vile breath.

Obumbrating this light by which they liue,

If these were truth: this times impietie,

May soone sincke downe vnder the diety. *Exeunt.*

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

SCÆN. 4.

Alexander in his study with bookes, coffers, his triple
Crowne upon a cushion before him.

Alex. With what expence of money plate and iewels
This Miter is attayn'd my Coffers witnesse:
But *Astaroth* my couenant with thee
Made for this soule more pretious then all treasure,
Afflicts my conscience, O but *Alexander*
Thy conscience is no conscience; if a conscience,
It is a leoprouse and poluted conscience.
But what? a coward for thy conscience?
The diuill is witnesse with me when I seald it
And cauteriz'd this conscience now seard vp
To banish out faich, hope and charity;
Vsing the name of Christian as a stale
For *Arcane* plots and intricate designs
That all my misty machinations
And Counsels held with black *Tartarian* fiends
Were for the glorious sunne-shine of my sonnes;
That they might mounte in equall parralel
With golden maiesty like *Saturnes* sonne
To darte downe fire and thunder on their foes.
That, that was it, which I so much desir'd
To see my sonnes through all the world admir'd,
In spight of grace, conscience, and *Acheron*
I will reioyce, and triumph in my Charter.

Alexander readeth.

*Sedebis Roma Papa, summa in felicitate tui et
Filiorum annos 11. et 7. dies 8. post morieris.
Prouiso quod nunquam te signes tremende
Crucis signo.*

Astaroth.

The diuill prouideth in his couenant
I should not crosse my selfe at any time;
Ineuer was so ceremonious.
Well this rich Miter thought it cost me deare
Shall make me liue in pompe whilst I liue heere.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Holla *Bernardo?*

He rincketh a bell.

Call hether my two sonnes the Duke of *Candy* and the
Cardinall of *Valence*.

Happie those sonnes whom fathers loue so well
That for their sakes they dare aduenture hell.

*Enter the Duke of Candy and Caesar Borgia
striving for priority.*

Come my deare sonnes the comfort of my life
Yours is this earthly glory which I hold.

Cannot the spacious boundes of *Italy*

Diuided equally containe you both?

From *France* and *Swisserland* I will beginne

With *Naples* and those Townes in *Peidmont*

And all the signories in *Lombardy*

From *Porta di Volane* to *Saona*

And *Genes* on th' other side of *Italy*

Vpon the *Mediterranean* towards *Greece*;

Allotted *Candy* for his patrimony.

And in *Romania* from *Pontremolie*

And *Prato* to faire *Florence*; and from thence

In *Tuskany* within the Riuer *Narre*

And fruitfull *Arno* those sweete Prouinces

Euen to Mont *Alto*, *Naples*, *Policastro*

And *Petrasalia* in *Calabria*

The furthest of home of *Italy* for *Cesar*.

Gainc dubble strength with your vnited loues.

Loue one another boies you shal be Kings:

Fortune hath beene auspicious at my birth

And will continue gracious to mine end.

Castor and *Pollux* would not liue in Heauen

Vnlesse they might be stellified together,

You for a little-turfe of earth contend

When they togither shine the welkin cleeres:

And gentle gales beare fourth the winged sailes,

But when they shine a parte they threaten stormes

And hiddeous tempests to the Marriners

Castor would not be called but *Pollux* *Castor*

And *Castor* *Castors* *Pollux*; so my *Candy*

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Be *Casars Candy, Caesar, Candies Caesar,*
With perfect loue, deare boyes loue one another
So either shal be strengthened by his brother.

Ca. Most blessed reuerend and renowned father,
The loue by nature to my brother *Candy,*
Enforceth me some-times in plainer sort
To cleere my conscience issuing from pure loue,
It is meere loue which mooues these passions,
When I do counsell or aduise your good.

Ca. I know deere brother when your counsell tends
Vnto my good, it issueth from pure loue.

Ca. As when I tax your princely conscience
Like an vnпитыd penitentiarie,
Brother with reuerence of his Holinesse
Your heart is too much spic'd with honesty.

Alex. I and I feare me he will find it so,
Your brother *Cesar* tells you very true:
You must not be so ceremonious
Of oathes and honesty, Princes of this world
Are not prick't in the bookes of conscience,
You may not breake your promise for a world:
Learne this one lesson looke yee marke it well,
It is not alwaies needfull to keepe promise,
For Princes (forc'd by meere necessity
To passe their faithfull promisses) againe
Forc'd by the same necessity to breake promise.

Ca. And for your more instructiōs learne these rules!
If any Cedar, in your Forrest spread,
And ouer-peere your branches with his top,
Prouide an axe to cut him at the roote,
Suborne informers or by snares intrap
That King of Flies within the Spiders Webbe;
Or els insnare him in the Lions toyles.
What though the multitude applaud his fame:
Because the vulgar haue wide open eares
Mutter amongst them and possesse their hearts
That his designements wrought against the state
By which yea wound him with a publicke hate.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

So let him perish, yet seeme pittifull
Cherrish the weakenesse of his stocke and race
As if alone he meritted disgrace.
Suffer your Court to mourne his funeralls,
But burne a bone-fire for him in your Chamber.

Alex. Caesar deliuereth Oracles of truth.

Tis well sayd *Caesar*, yet attend a little,
And binde them like rich bracelets on thine armes
Or as a precious iewell at thine eare.
Suppose two factious Princes both thy friends
Ambitious both, and both competitors,
Aduance in hostile armes against each other
Ioyne with the strongest to confound the weak
But let your wars foundation touch his Crowne,
Your neereft Charity concernes your selfe;
Els let him perish; yet seeme charitable.
As if you were meere compo'd of vertue:
Beleeue me *Candy* things are as they seeme,
Not what they be themselves; all is opinion:
And all this world is but opinion.
Looke what large distance is twixt Heauen and Earth,
So many leagues twixt wealth and honesty:
And they that liue puling vpon the fruits
Of honest consciences; starue on the Common.
Caesar can tell thee this in ample sorte.
And *Caesar* loue him, loue him hartily;
Though mildenesse do possesse thy brother *Candie*,
It is a gentle vice, vicining vertue.

Can. Vnder correction of your Holinesse,
Those warres which vertue leuiet against vice,
Are onely knowne to some particulers
Which haue them wrytten in their consciences.
Those are the same they seeme, and in such warres
Your sonne shall make remonstrance of his valour,
And so become true Champion of the Church.

Cas. It is the precious Ornament of Princes
To be strong hearted, proud, and valiant,
But well attemptred with callidity,

Brother

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Brother with reuerence of his holinesse
(Whose sacred words like blessed Oracles
Haue pointed at your prudence) *Cesar* would
Haue giuen the like aduise : but (in conclusion)
Vndoubtedly to worke out thy confusion.

Enter Barnardo.

Ale. Vpon my blessing follow *Cesars* counsell;
It tendeth to thy glory.

Bern. Most blessed Lord,
Embassadors from *Ferdinande* of *Naples*
Arriued heere attend your holinesse.

Ale. This is a welcome messenger for *Godfrey*,
To make a marriage with the Lady *Saunce*:
And *Candy* for so much as this requires
A ioyfull entertainment; take that honor
And bid him welcome with due complements.
Shew courteous, language laudable apporte;
Let them be feasted in more sumptuous sort
Then ordinary messengers of state:
Obserue his speeches, fathome his designs;
And for I know thy nature tractable,
And full of courtesie : shew courtesie
And good intreatie to them : *Gentle Candie*
Now shew thy selfe a polititian;
I neede not giue thee large instructions;
For that I know thee wise, and honorable
Greete them from vs : *Cesar* shall at a turne
Giue correspondence to thy courtesie :
I as well sitteth with my state and honor
Within these ten daies wil admit them hearing:
Meane while learne out by lore of policie
The substance of their motions, that we may
Be better arm'd to giue them resolution.

Can. Your holinesse in this shall see my skill,
To do you seruice, *Exit Candy.*

Alex. *Cesar* now to thee.
This taske vpon thy shoulders onely leanes;
I rest vpon thee *Cesar*: were it not

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

That thou must second it, or first it rather
 I durst not trust such things of consequence,
 To feeble spirits: therefore from our stables
 Six *Persian* Coursers arm'd and furnished
 With rich Caparisons of gold and Pearle,
 With six rich Complet Armors for their saddles,
 And such a Cabbinet of pretious Jewels
 As we shall choose within to morrow morning
 Present from vs in token of our loue.
 Let for no cost in sumptuous banquetting,
 Beleeue me *Cesar* some-times at a banquet,
 More ground is got then at a bloody battell.
 Worme out their humors, fathom their delights,
 If they delight in that which *Naples* couets,
 Fine, witty, loue-sick, braue, and beautifull,
 Eloquent, g'ancing, full of fantasies.
 Such Sugar harted *Syrens*, or such Commets,
 As shine in our imperiall state of *Rome*,
 True pick-locks in close wards of policie,
 Present them with the Paragons of *Rome*:
 And spare not for a Million in expence,,
 So long as here they keepe their residence.

Cesar. *Cesar* in such a case will prooe true *Cesar*,
 Wise, franke, and honorable.

Alex. I doubt it not:
 And *Cesar*, (as thou doost imbrace my loue,
 More then the world besides) accomplish this,
 And wee shall *Cesar* with high blessings blisse, *Exit*

Cas. By this time is my faire *Lucretia*,
 Befitted for a businesse of blood,
 Neerely concerning her estate and mine. *Exit.*

SCÆ. 5.

*Enter Lucretia alone in her night gowne untired,
 bringing in a chaire, which she planteth
 upon the Stage.*

Luc. *Lucretia* cast off all seruile feare,

C

Reuenge

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Reuenge thy selfe vpon thy icalous husband
 That hath betraid thine honor, wrong'd thy bed :
 Feare not ; with resolution act his death :
 Let none of *Borgias* race in policies
 Exceed thee *Lucrece*: now proue *Cesars* Sister,
 So deepe in bloody stratagems as hee :
 All sinnes haue found examples in all times.
 If womanly thou melt then call to minde,
 Impatient *Medeas* wrathfull furie,
 And raging *Clitemnestraes* hideous fact :
Prognos strange murder of her onely sonne,
 And *Danaus* fifty Daughters (all but one) !
 That in one night, their husbands sleeping slew.
 My cause as iust as theirs, my heart as resolute,
 My hands as ready. *Gismond* I come,
 Haild on with furie to reuenge these wrongs
 And loue impoison'd with thy icalousie,
 I haue deuised such a curious snare,
 As icalious *Vulcan* neuer yet deuist'd,
 To graspe his aimes vnable to resist,
 Deaths instruments inclosed in these hands.

Shee kneeleth downe.

You grieſly Daughters of grimme *Erebus*,
 Which spit out vengeance from your viperous heires,
 Infuse a three-fold vigor in these armes ;
 Inmarble more my strong indurate heart,
 To consummate the plot of my reuenge.

Shee riseth and walketh passionately.

Enter Gismond di Viselli vntrussed in his

Night-cap, tying his points.

Heere comes the subiect of my Tragedy.

Gis. What my *Lucretia* walking alone?
 These solitarie passions should bewray
 Some discontentment, and those gracious eyes
 Seeme to be moou'd with anger, not with loue :
 Tell me *Lucretia*, may thy *Gismond* know ?

Luc. Demaundst thou the cause iniurious *Gismond* ?
When like a recluse (shut vp from the world)

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

I live close prisoner to thy jealousie?
 The *Esperian* Dragons kept not with more watch,
 The golden fruit, then thou my fatall beauty:
 Thou wouldst exclude me from the sight of Sunne,
 But that his beames breake through some creuises
 Thou wouldst debarre me from the common ayre,
 But that against my will I suck it in,
 And breath it out in scalding sighes againe:
 Were I in *Naxos* where no noise is heard
 But *Neptunes* rage, no sights but ruthlesse rocks.
 Or in the *Libian* deserts, or exchang'd
 This Hemisphere of *Rome* for th' *Antipodes*,
 Were not so gricuous as to dwell in *Rome*,
 Banish'd from sight and conference of friends.

Gif. Blam'st thou my jealousie? nay blame thy beauty,
 And loue imprison'd in those amorous lookes:
 I feare the Sunnes reflections on thy face,
 Least he more wondring at thy precious eyes,
 Then any Nymphes which he most honored,
 Should beare thee to some other Paradice,
 And rob me, silly man, of this worlds ioy.
 I feare the windes, least amorous *Ioue* in them,
 (Enuying such pretious nature amongst men)
 With extreame passion hence should hurry thee.
 Oh loue is full of feare: all things I feare,
 By which I might be frustrate of thy loue.

Luc. Scoffst thou mee *Gismond* with continuall taunts?
 Oh God of heauens, shall I both suffer shame
 And scorne, with such dispisd captiuitie.

Gif. Here in the presence of the powers in Heauen,
 I doe not speake in scorne, but in meere loue:
 And further *Lucrese*, (of thy clemencie,
 For loue, and beautie, both are riche in bountie)
 Forgiue me what is past, and I will sweare,
 Neuer to vex thee with more iealousie.

Luc. Thou wilt forswear thy selfe: *Gismond* come hither?
 Sit downe and answer me this question. *Gismond* sitteth downe
 in a Chaire, *Lucretia* on a stoole beside him.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

When I bestowed on thee this diamond
A Jewell once held precious as my life;
And with it cast away my selfe on thee
Didst thou not promise to maintaine mine honour,
Neither in word nor deed to giue suspect
Of thy dislike; and hast thou not since then
In presence of my neereſt Noble friends
Rebuk'd me like a *Layis* for my lightneſſe?
And as a miſer lockes his mony vp
So me reſtraind from ſpeech and ſight of them?

Giſ. When firſt thou didſt beſtow this Diamond,
It had a precious luſtre in mine eye:
And was poſſeſt of vertue, when I vow'd
To maintaine that, which was impoſſible:
But ſince that time this ſtone hath had a flaw,
Broken within the ring, his foile growne dimme,
The vertue vaniſht, and the luſter loſt.

She graſpeth him in his chaire.

Luc. I can no longer brooke theſe baſe rebukes.
Theſe taunting riddles, and cloſe libellings

Giſ. Oh helpe I am ſtrangled.

*She ſtoppeth his mouth, pulleth out his
dagger and offereth to gagge him.*

Lu. Peace wretched villaine, then recieve this quickly:
Or by the liuing powers of heauen ile kill thee.

She gaggeth him, and taketh a paper out of her boſome.
Take pen and incke: tis not to make thy will;
For if thou wilt ſubſcribe, I will not kill.
Tis but to cleere thoſe ſcandalls of my ſhame,
With which thy iealouſie did me deſame.

Giſmonde ſubſcribeth.

So now that part is playd, what followes now?
Thou Ribbauld, Cuckcold, Raſcall, Libeller,
Pernicious Lecher voide of all performance;
Periurious Coxcombe, Foole, now for thoſe wrongs
Which no great ſpirit could well toilerate
Come I, with mortall vengeance on thy ſoule.
Take this for ſcandring of his Holineſſe

My

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

My blessed father and my brother *Cesar* *She stabbeth*
 With incest: this take for my brother *Candy*:
 And this for Noble *Sphorza* whom thou wrongest;
 And since the time is shorte I will be shorte:
 For locking vp of me, calling me whore,
 Setting espials tending at my taile;
 Take this, and this, & this to make amends. *three stab's together.*
 And put thee from thy paines;
She unbindeth him, layeth him on the ground, putteth the dagger
in his hand, a paper on his knee, & taking certaine papers out of his
pocket putteth in others in their steede: & cōuaich away the chaire
 Now will my father *Alexander* say
 That I did take the best and safest way,
 And *Cesar* will approue it with his heart,
 That *Lucrece* hath perform'd a cunning parte.
 If others aske who *Gismonds* kild or why
 It was himselfe repenting ieaousie. *Exit Lucretia.*

Barbarossa knocketh at a dore.

Bar. Holla within there?
 Why fellowes?

Seruingman. Heere my Lord.

Bar. What is my Lord *Viselli* stirring yet?
 My Lord the Pope expects him; and the ambassadors
 Of *Naples* craue his company. *Enter Bar. and Seruingman.*

Ser. My Lord I haue not seene him yet this morning.

Bar. Is not your Lady *Lucrece* stirring yet?

Ser. No my good Lord I thinke shee be not yet come from
 her chamber, her custome is not to be seene so soone.

Bar. Tis well, tis wel, let her take ease in gods name,
 But make hast, call vp my Lord thy maister honest fellow.

Ser. With patience of your Lordship I will speake:
 For three daies space I did finde in my Lord
 Passionate motions, and strange melancholie
 'T may be his solitude hath drawne him forth,
 I will first looke the garden and the galleries.

Bar. Do my good friend I will expect thee in this parler here?

*As Barbarossa goes on hee findeth Viselli murthe-
 red upon the ground, and starteth.*

Fellow

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Fellow come backe, come back, fellow come back:
Your Lord lies murthred here, call vp your Lady;
Call in your fellow seruants, *Deh Santa Croce.*
This dagger grasped in his farall hand
Reueales some violence, wrought on himselfe:
Could nature so much violate her selfe?
Was it not wrought by bloody *Borgiaes* race?
I doubt in this the diuills hypochrisie,
Iustice of Heauens firme and inscrutable
Reueale it, oh reueale it in thy mercy.

Enter Lucrecia with Moticilla.

Luc. Where is my Lord? my deare Lord?

Bar. Tarry Lady.

Approch not neere this ruthfull spectacle;
Approch not neere this spectacle of bloud,
This ruthfull spectacle of bloud and death,
Least suddaine horror of these bleeding wounds
Wound thy distracted spirits to pale death.

Luc. What horror or what mortall spectacle,
Vpon such suddaine hath astonished me?
Oh my deere Lord: *Wisely* speake to me;
Oh most disastrous accident and houre;
Ay me most wretched and vnfortunate;
My deereſt Lord the treasure of my life,
The sweetest paradise of my best hopes,
Is murthred: seek out the murderers
Leaue not vnſeartcht a corner nor a Crany:
Locke vp the dores there, least that homicide
Escape vs in this passion —————

Bar. Haue patience Lady,

Heauens will reueale the murder doubt it not,

Luc. Ah Noble *Barbarossa* much I feare
Now with these eyes I see the murderer,
Staind with the guilt of nature; oh my Lord
You little know that these weake womans hands
Twise rescued haue the violence of his
From killing of himselfe before this time:
Oh sic vpon the diuill, and melancholy;

Which

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Which leaue me desolate a forelorne widdow.

Mot. Madam these papers will bewray some matter.

Luc. Oh might I finde an other murtherer.

Bar. These do containe some matter read them Lady.

Luc. My heart swolne vp with sorrow, lends no light
Vnto mine eyes, nor force vnto my tongue
To see one letter, or to reade one word,
I pray you reade it good Lord *Barbarossa*.

Barbarossa readeth.

I *Gismond di Viselli* through desperate griefe conceiued in iea-
lousie (which I bare against my Lady *Lucrecia*) hauing found
out by much triall, and examination her faithfulnessse and inno-
cency, make this my protestation as the last piacular oblation
to her for those wrongs that with mine own vnfortunate hands
I haue ended my life, desiring her and all others to forgiue me,
and pray for me, subscribed with mine owne hand, and sealed
with my seale.

Gismond de Viselli.

Il ueleno d'amore;

A me trasse il cuore.

Mot. Oh Lord of heauens haue pardon on his soule.

Luc. This is his hand and seale, speake now my Lord:
Did not I soone disclose the murtherer?
Told I not that the murtherer was present?
Ah neuer neuer shall I liue to see.

she soundeth.

Bar. Comfort you selfe deere Lady God will send succor
Your husband hath paid deerely for these wrongs.

Luc. Giue me my Lord againe, death shall not haue him,
Come my deere *Gismond*, come againe my ioye:
Delay me not least I preuent thy loue
I cannot brooke delay's, *Lucrece* shall follow.

*Lucrece offereth to stab her selfe Barbarossa
preuenteih her.*

Bar. Tempt not Gods iustice Lady, fall to praier,
Helpe, in there, take your Lord out of her sight.

Luc. Oh my deare friends that see my miseries,
I you beseech in dearest tenderneffe
Bring in the body of my dearest Lord;

That

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

That I before my death may (with these eyes)
Behold him honor'd in his obsequies.

Bar. And I wil beare these papers to his Holines,
Whose sorrow wil exceed for *Gismonds* death. *Exeunt.*

Enter Guicchiardin.

Cho. Thus foule suspition, feare and iealoufie
Of shame, dishonor, and his wiues hot lust,
Hath seaz'd vpon *Viselli*; whose reuenge,
Was to restraine *Lucrece* from Company.
But swelling pride, and lust, both limitles,
Answer'd his louing feare and shame with death.
Attend the sequell. Now successiuely
(After such warlike preparations,
So many firme hopes found in *Italy*)
King *Charles* with fiftene hundred men at armes,
Three thousand Archers, with six thousand *Swisse*.
French men, and *Gascons* twise as many more,
With martiall meatures, ouer *Piemont*
Treads a long march after his drums and fife,
With *Milans* force, and now his trumpets hard,
Vnto the gates of *Rome* giue fresh allarims,
Vnto the Pope, who stirreth vp in armes,

ACT. 2. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Alexander with a Linstock in his hand; with him
Cæsar Borgia, Caraffa, Bernardo Piccolomini,
the Castilian, Gassper de fois M^r. of the
ordinance.

Alex. Castillian take fife hundred harguebusse,
Two hundred Arbalastes, and fortifie,
Vpon the tower of Saint *Sebastian*,
Affronting that port where prowd *Charles* should enter,
Call'd *Santa Maria di Popolo*.

Pic. Our souldiers ready be with match in cocke,
T'attend this seruice, and our scurriers,
Are now return'd hauing discryd King *Charles*,
His ensigns and his Cornets proudly mand,

With

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

With plumed regiments, and troopes of horse,
Marching in glory to the gates of *Rome*. *Exit Piccolo.*

Alex. Brauely bring on your companies bold hearts,
Gaspar de Foix, are those two *Basiliskes*,
Already mounted on their cariages?

Gasp. They bee.

Alex. We make you maister of our Ordinance, *He deliuereth*
And on the Turret of Saint *Adrian*. *his Linstock,*

Plant six more Cannon, and foure Culuerings,
Foure Lizards, and eight Sacres, with all speed,
Take Gunners with you to the Cittadell,
Powder and shot, with Ladles for their charge,
See none be wanting; set them to their taske.
Haue a good care your Pyoners worke hard,
To further your fortifications. *Exit Gasper.*

Cas. Pleaseth your Holinesse to giue me leaue,
It fitteth well with our owne purposes,
To giue *Charles* entrance, and without restraint,
Least he by rigor should vsurpe that leaue,
Which to resist were vaine and dangerous.
Belecue me Father we must temporize.

Caraff. Besides you see how the *Calabrian Duke*,
Out of the Port of Saint *Sabastian*,
Not one houre past, hath issued and left *Rome*.
Now though you do suspect, conceale all doubts:
For you shall finde this sure and commonly,
Dangers accompany suspicion,

Alex. We will embrace that course, but with your leaue,
In *Castle Angelo* Capitulate:
Standing (as best befits vs) on our garde.

Enter Piccolemini, Gaspar de Foix, with small shot
Ensigne, Drummes and Trumpets.

Piccol. Tis time your Holinesse tooke to your guard,
For Potent *Charles* (like one that conquereth)
Arm'd at all peeces, in his plumed caske,
And with a Launce resting vpon his thigh,
Already with his forces hath possess

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

The suberbs, and is now come to the gates.

Ale. We are resolued: *Gasper de fois* take heed,
On paine of death no souldier be so bould
As to dischardge one peece or arbalast,
Before th'alarme being giuen from them,
Wee with a culuering from Castle *Angelo*,
Proclame hostility: troope on a pace,
Take we what fortune peace or warre affords,
The worst of resolution is with swords.

Exeunt with drums and trumpet.

Enter with drums and trumpets: King Charles,
Cardinall Saint Peter ad vincula, and As-
canio, Lodwick Sforza: Mompan-
sier enignes, souldiers.

Charles Thus far with much applause in ioyfull march,
With good successe and hopefull augurie,
We marched haue within the walls of *Rome*,
Not litle wondering that his Holines,
Doth giue such slender welcome to our troup.

Lod. Your maiesty may well perceauce how feare,
And iealeous iudgement of a wounded conscience,
Workes hard in *Alexander*.

Asc. And how foxe-like.
(Houlding newtrality the surest gard)
He coopes himselfe in Castle *Angelo*.

Mon. Pleaseth your maiestie to giue a summons,
Vnto the Castle for some parliance,
Vpon such articles as were set downe,

Char. Come we wil touch him, summon forth a parle.
sound drum answer a trumpet,

Enter Piccolomini vpon the walls.

What office beare you marching on those walls,
We made no summons to confer with you.

Pic. Most Christian prince pleaseth your mightines,
I am Castillian of Saint *Angelo*, Vnder his Holines.

Char. To bid defiance to our forces?

Pic. Noe most gracious Lord,
But to salute you from his Holines.

Mons-

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Mon. What is he sicke?

Pic. Not very well dispos'd,

S. Pe. ad vin. Nor euer was, nor will be well dispos'd.

Cha. An other summons for his Holines, *Exit Piccol,*

Sound drums, answere trumpet.

Alexander upon the walls in his pontificalls betwixt *Ca far Borgia* and *Caraffa* Cardinalls, before him the Duke of Candie bearing a sword, after them *Piccolomini* *Gasperde* fois.

Ale. Most Christian *Charles*, here I salute your grace,

Bidding you peaceably welcome to *Rome*,

If you bring peace along with you to *Rome*.

Char. In filiall Loue I thanke your Holines,

We litle thought it our most holy father,

That our allegiance to the Church of *Rome*,

Which we with all our predecessors tendred,

Should haue enforc'd you to take sanctuary.

Alex. Sonne *Charles* know then we tooke not to this place,

In feare as to some refuge or asyle:

But for asmuch as news were brought in post,

That you with all your forces did approach,

Armed and in hostile manner to this Citty,

The Conclaue thought it fit tendring the safety,

Of holy Church, and sacred priuiledge,

To know your meaning first, and then with pomp,

To make your welcome in Saint *Peters* pallace,

In the best fashion with due ceremonies.

Char Know then most holy father what we would,

Hauiing in tedious marcht from *France* thus far,

Past with our forces God stil guiding vs,

(As we be deeply bound by lawes of nature.

And reason to worke surely for our right)

We left noe busie doubts, nor obstacles,

Which might preuent vs in our iust impresse,

Hence was it that we did Capitulate,

So strictly with the crafty *Florentines*,

Whome we well knew fauour'd *Alphonsoes* part.

And this made *Ve ice* ioyne in league with vs.

Yet hauiing notice that your Holines.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Both with *Alphonso* (that vsurpes my Crowne)
And his sonne *Ferdinand* drue deeper in
Vpon considerations of more weight;
We thought it good to take *France* in our way.

Lod. And there to craue some certaine Cautions
Of your indifferency to his iust title
Had in the Crowne of *Naples*: therefore first
We do require (if you these parties tender,
(As your late letters did importe) yeeld vp
In Caution of your good intent to *France*;
This Castle which you now retaine against vs.

Can. Why *Lodowicke* the wethercocke is turnd,
The winde stands faire, but how long will that hold?
So may we put in hazard our whole Church
The deere estate of Christes flock militant
And bring confusion vnto Christendome.

Alex. So may you seaze vpon the Churches rights,
If that we should referre all to your trust.

Can. This is *Saint Peters* bul-warke; for my parte
Here I will die ere I surrender it.

Cha. Now find I true which comon brute proclame
Of your bad meanings and hypochrisie:
But I referre your conscience to that Iudge
Whom (if my conscience harbor any thought
To wrong the Church of God, in any thing)
I call in iustice to reuenge on me.

Ca. Renowned *Charles*, suppose we should surrender:
How may we be secured that you will
Restore it, after your impresse at *Naples*.

Char. The faith and honour of a Christian King.

Ale. Your faith & honor? stay most Christian *Charles*
Men will not yeeld vp Castles vpon wordes
Vnles their states, and liues grow desperate.

Mount. Why make we longer parlee with this Pope
Whose false-hood is so much that neither oth,
Nor honesty can purchase place with him.

Lodo. Who neuer yet in cause of consequence
Hath kept his promise.

Char.

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Char. Tell vs, will yee graunt?

Alex. What should we graunt most Christian King of *France*
And tell me truly (were it your owne case)
Whether you would (on such slight promises)
Accord to such vncuer conditions?

Char. We did not thinke our royall promises
Had beene so slightly censur'd in your heart:
But since we finde your infidelities
We must requite it with extremity,
Couzen *Mountpansfeir*.

Mount. My Lord.

Char. Forthwith cause ten brasse peeces with their shot
And powder to be drawne out of Saint *Markes*;
Such as you finde most fit for battery.
You will not here vs now, we speake so low:
Standing aloft you proudly scorne inferiors;
Weele send our mindes, written in firey notes.

Caraf. Giue doubtfull answers, bee not peremptory
Least through your heate, his rage exasperate.

Cas. Offer vnto him on his Princely word,
The strength of *Terracina* for a pledge.

Alex. Victorious *Charles*, such is my trust and loue
That neither feare of force nor violence
Could any wayes induce me to suspect you.
Hence came it that the portes of *Rome* were opened
(At our behests) to giue you guestning.
Accept vs therefore with our promises,
Which we shall vnder hand and seale confirme
Not any way to Crosse your action.

Char. If you will yeeld vp Castell *Angelo*
Resolue vs presently without delaies?

Cas. Because it is Saint *Peeters* Cittadell
The conclaue is in doubt to make surrender.

Char. You will not yeeld then?

Can. We cannot, nor wee will not yeeld it vp.

Char. Why then a parle with our ordinance.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Sound drummes and trumpets : Alexander with his companie of the walles, ordinance going of (after a little skirmish within) hee summons from the Castell with a trumpet ; answere to it below ; Enter Alexander upon the walls as before.

Alex. What come yee to make pillage of the Church,
Which held you decre as her chiefe Champion?
For beare your violence in the name of God:
Fearing the scourge, and thunder from aboue,
Our offers are both iust and reasonable.

Ces. Peeces which are of more validity
We meane to tender to your Maiesty.

Char. What are those peeces you would tender vs.

Alex. To render presently the Cittadells
Of Terracina, Ciuita Vecchia, and Spoleto.

Char. And we receiue them very hankfully.
S. Pad. vin. Our voices of the cōclaue passe, that Charles
Shalbe posselt of Castell Angelo.

As. And if your meaning with your words accord
We dare ingage our soules for resurrender.

Ale. Your soules? foh foh they stinck in sight of God & man,
Your soules? why they be sould to *Lucifer*,
Your consciences are of so large a last
That you would sell Saint *Peters* Patrimony,
As *Esau* did his heritage for broath.

Pee. ad Vi. Thou most prophaine & impious Moabite;
So full of vices and abominable,
No Pope but *Lucifer* in *Peters* Chaire.

As. Renowned *Charles* pull downe this Antichrist;
Aduance some worthy father in his place,
Your fame sha'll liue with all posterities
VVho from a wicked Bishops tyranny
Infranchised the Church of God misguided;
Euen as (in this worlds worthy memories)
The names of *Pepin* and King *Charlemaine*
Your predecessors, were eternized
For helping good Popes, Saints of Holy life,
Out of yngodly persecutions.

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Lodo. A Pope by nature full of fraud, and pride;
Ambitious, auaritious, shameles, diuillish,
And that and which your experience testifies)
One that with mortall malice hates the *French*:
By whome this reconciliation made
Was more in feare, and hard necessity
Then faithfull inclination, or good will.

Alex. *Iscaiot*, reprobate apostata,
I charge thee to desist and make submission
VWith pennance to the Mother Church of *Rome*
On paine of euerlasting reprobation.

Asca. Blasphemous exorist, heere are no diuills
VWhich thou canst coniure, with thy diuillish spirit.
We charge thee render vp that triple Crowne
Which most vngodly man thou dost vsurp.
Those robes pontificall which thou prophaneest,
Saint *Peters* Chaire wherein (like Antichrist)
Thou doest aduance thy selfe thou man of sinne.

Sa. P. ad Vi. Saint *Peeter* doth make challenge to those keyes,
Which (in those hands desir'd with bloud and bribes)
Thou like a prophane deputy dost hold.

Ascan. That sword (with which thou sholdst strike Antichrist)
Thou like proud Antichrist conuerted hast
Vpon the members of Christes chosen flocke;
Saint *Paule* demaundes his sword, *Peter* his keyes:

Alex. Forbeare your blasphemies, what know yee not
Christes Vicar generall chosen on earth?
Haue not I power to binde and loose mens sinnes,
And soules, on earth, in hell, and purgatory?
Come take Saint *Peters* Chaire proud heretiks;
Here take this triple Crowne, oh you would take it:
But he, that made it, did not for you make it.

Ascanio thou wouldst haue these Golden keies;
Here take them with my vengeance on thy head, *He throwes*
And *Pseudo Paulus* would haue Saint *Pauls* sword, his keyes.
Ordained for his decollation.

Sonne *Charles* (since we capitulate with you)
Me thinks you should not suffer these affront vs.

Char.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Char. Forbeare your idle veilettations,
Angring and rubbing vp the festred scarres
Of wrath inueterate, and mortall quarrels,
We come not here to foster factions,
All are in one accorded, all are friends.
But yet most Holy-Father, let me craue,
Two fauours more, both very reasonable;
First that you pardon both these Cardinalls,
And other Barons which pertake with me.
Then that the brother of great *Baiaset*,
That fled from *Rhodes* to *France*, and last to *Rome*,
With the protection of Pope *Innocent*
Call'd *Gemen Ottoman*, may be deliuer'd
Into my hands, when after-time shall serue
For my best vantage in those holy warres,
Which we pretend against the Turkes here-after.

Alex. The sunne shall neuer set vpon my wrath;
That Oylie Lampe of blessed Charitie
Shall not extinguish in my zealous heart:
He that knowes all, knowes this I cannot falter
With any brother, all are faithfull friends:
Be but submissiue, milde, and penitent,
And all is past, as all had beene well ment.
Now touching *Gemen Ottoman*, sonne *Charles*,
When you shall vndertake those godly warres,
I will deliuer him as willingly
As you demaund: and with a cheerefull heart,
Praising your godly zeale on Christs behalfe,
And praying for your good successe in warre.

Char. I thanke your Holynesse.

Lodw. These quarrels are as happily determined
As we could wish: call for an *Astuarie*,
And let a Charter *Bipartite* be drawne
Betwixt you: to confirme this amity.
And now most blessed Father I beseech,
That I may shew the duty which belongs
Vnto this place, and see Apostolick.

Alex. We will regreete your presence presently.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Drums and Trumpets : Charles and his company make a garde, Galper de Foix, Piccolomini, Cæsar, Caraffa, Cardinals, a Fri-
er with a holy water-pot casting water ; the Duke of Candie with
a sword, Altor Manfredy supporting Alexanders traine, all bow
as the Pope marcheth solemnly through, who crosseth them with
his fingers, Alexander being set in state, Cæsar Borgia, and Ca-
raffa aduance to fetch King Charles, who being presented vnto
the Pope, kisseth his foote, & then aduancin two de rees higher,
kisseth his cheeke then Charles bringeth S. Peter ad Vincula,
and Ascanio, which with all reuerence kisse his feete, one of them
humbly deliuering up his Crosse-keyes, which hee receiveth, bles-
sing them and the rest of Charles his company : The Drum and
Fife still sounding.*

*Alex. Sonne Charles, your welcome is as acceptable,
As euer was Kings presence into Rome :
To morrow we will with the power of heauen,
Together celebrate a solemne Masse :
After the Senior, Bishop, Cardinall,
You must take place : and as our custome is,
Shall giue vs water when we celebrate :
This done we will bestow some time in pleasures.*

*A garde for the Cardinals, French King, Frier and Pope : Enter
with a solemne flourish of Trumpets, after whom the
garde troopeth, with Drums and Fife.*

Enter Guicchiardine.

*Heere leaue we Charles with pompous ceremonies,
Feasting within the Vaticane at Rome :
From thence to Naples, where the peoples hatred
Conceiu'd against the former Kings, made way
For him, without resistance to the crowne.
This done, he marcheth back againe for France,
And Ferdinand doth repossesse his state.
Meane while King Charles sick of an Apoplexie,
Dyes at Ambois : the Duke of Orleance,
Lewis the twelfth conioyntly knitting force,*

THE DIVILS CHARTAR.

Doth march in armes with *Ferdinand* of *Spaine*,
These regaine *Naples* and deuide that realme,
But this breeds mortall warre betwixt them both,
The wily Pope dissembles at all hands,
The sequell onely concernes him and *Cesar*. *Exit*.

ACTVS. 3. SCÆ. I.

Enter Astor, Manfredi with Phillippo.

Ast. Brother *Phillippo*, what auileth it,
When our state lost the *Fauintines* compounded,
That I should hold both life and liberty,
Withall reuenues of my proper state,
When as my life within the Court of *Rome*,
Is much more loathsome to my soule then death,
And liberty more grieue then seruitude.

Phil. I rather choose within the riuer *Tiber*
To drowne my selfe, or from *Tarpayan* hill,
My vexed body to precipitate,
Then to subiect my body to the shame
Of such vild brutish and vnkindely lust.

Ast. He that with fire and Brimstone did consume
Sodome. and other Citties round about,
Deliuers vs from this soule-flaiding sinne.
To which our bodies are made prostitute,

Enter Barnardo.

B r. Deare salutations from my Lord the Pope,
I recommend vnto your excellence,
With semblable remembrance of his loue,
To you my Lord *Phillippo*,

Ast Good *Barnardo*.
My dutie bound vnto his Holynesse,
Returne in payment from his Captiue seruant.

Ber. Ingenious Prince, I bring a friendly message
Of tender kindnesse, which I must impart :

They draw them-selues aside.

This Ruby from our Holy-fathers finger,
(In priuate token of his faithfull loue)
He bid mee secretly deliuer you :

And

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

And there-wit hall, desireth of your loue,
To haue with him some priuate conference.

Ast. I was now going to our Ladies masse,
In Saint *Iohn Laterans*; where my ghostly father
Attenderth me for my confession,
But thanke his Holynesse on my behalfe,
In all due reuerence and humilitie.
Tell him I meane---so soone as I returne, *pawse.*
To come according to my bounden duty. *Exit Bar.*
My case is desperate, what shall I doe?
Phillippo, was there euer any man
Hunted with such vnsatisfied rage?

Phil. What hath he sent againe to visit you?

Astor. To visit me, nay to dishonor me,
Behold this Ruby sent from his owne finger,
Which as a Bawde inuicteth me to shame.

SCENA. 2.

Alexander out of a Casement.

Alex. *Astor?* what *Astor?* my delight my ioy,
My starre, my triumph my sweete phantasie,
My more then sonne, my loue, my Concubine,
Let me behold those bright Stars my ioyes treasure,
Those glorious well attempred tender cheekes;
That specious for-head like a lane of Lillies:
That seemely Nose loues chariot triumphant,
Breathing *Parubaian* Odors to my senses,
That gracious mouth, betwixt whose crimosin pillon
Venus and *Cupid* sleeping kisse together.
That chin, the ball vow'd to the Queene of beauty,
Now budding ready to bring forth loue blossoms,
Astor *Manfred* turne thee to my loue,
Come hither *Astor* we must talke aboue.

Astor. Betraid? a slave to sinne? what shall I say?
Most Holy father.

Alex. Doe not mee forget:
I am thy brother, and thy deere friend,
And though in age I loue, know that desire

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

In riper yeares is pure and permanent,
Grounded on iudgement, flowing from pure loue :
Whereas the loue lightning from young desire,
Pickle, and feeble will not long hold fire,
It is so violent it will not last.

They'r blest whose louers loue when youth is past.

Astor. To call you friend were too familiar,
To call you brother sorts not with our yeares :
To call you Father doth import some feare,
Due to that age your Holinesse doth beare.

Alex. Tell me not of mine age and Holinesse,
Thy sight sufficeth me to make me young :
Neither vpbraide me with my sanctimonie,
Loue is the purest essence from aboue,
And to thy soule I would affix my loue.
Come hither then and rest with mee to night,
Giue me truition of those amorous pits,
Where blinded *Cupid* close in ambush sits :
Who with his Arrow (when thou laught at *Venus*)
Shot through thy smiling cheekes, and did inchaîne vs.
Thy Chamber with *Ambrosiall* odors breatheth,
New loues and true loues vnto them that entreateth,
And furious *Mars* made milde his Faulcheon sheatheth
At thy delicious aspect : see thy Chamber :
The walles are made of Roses, roose of Lillies,
Be not asham'd to mount and venture it,
Here *Cupids* Alter, and faire *Venus* hill is .
Thy bed is made with spice and *Calamus*,
With Sinamond and Spicnard, Arabick,
With Opobalsam and rich gums of *Egypt*,
Musick *Angelicall* of strings and voyces.
With sundry birds in sugred simphony,
Where whistling Wood-nimphes, and the pleasant choise is
Of Antique action mixt with harmony,
Attend thy ioyous entrance to this Chamber.

Phil. Is it possible that the Diuill can be so sweet a dissembler?

Ast. Yes and play the pleasant part of a conceited *Amoret*,
For he can take the shape of a bright Angell.

Alex. Now

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Alex. Now my sweet friend the ioyes of loue doth mutter
Thy mind too bashfull is, speake tounge loues vtter,
Thy Corral gums cud loues pure quintisence,
And thou thy selfe faire boy loues purest essence.

Ast. Oh blessed heauens let Sathan tempt no longer,
His force is powerfull yet thy strenght much stronger,
He that with guilefull baites gilded vntruth,
So seekes to blast the blossome of my youth.

Alex. Delicious fruites diuine Confections,
Of heaibes, roots, flowers of sundrie fashions.
Preseruatiues drawne from the rich *Elixir*,
Of finest gould pure pearle and precions stones,
Prouided for thy diuine apeteite,
Wines of more price (made by th' industrious art,
Insacred distillations) then that *Nectar*,
Which *Hebe* bare, when *Ioue* did most affect her.

Phi. Sathan false god of lies, and flatterie;
How palpable is this grosse villaine?

Alex. What wilt thou come *Manfredi* to my Chamber,
And blesse me with thy precious breath of Amber.

Asto. After our ladies Masse I will returne.
Deare God what furies in his soule doe burne?
After the Celebration of the Masse,
I come my Lord.

Exeunt Astor and Phillippo.

Alex. Come then, and let that passe,
Holla *Barnardo*?

Alexander ringeth a bell.

All busines for this night I will adiourne,
Giue good attendance that at his returne,
Astor may come to me for my sicke heart,
Till *Astor* with his beauty full embrace,
Doe blesse my body wounded with his dart,
Can find no rest, loue hath it in hot chase.

ACT. 3. SCÆ. 2.

*Enter Caesar Borgia the Cardinall, and Fresco-
baldy a ruffaine.*

Cas. Wilt thou performe it faithfully?

Fre. What I? will I liue to eate, to drinke, to sleepe?

Cas. Wilt thou performe it valiantly?

Fre.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Fref. Will I eate to drinke, will I drinke to sleepe, will I sleepe to liue?

Cas. Will t hou be secret, and conceale my plot?

Fref. My name is *Frescobaldi*, as for my pedigree,
My mother was of consanguinitie with the Princessse
Of *Perugia*: my father of the noble family of the *Oddi*,
Florentines both: I my selfe
Brought vp a Page vnder *Rayner* King of *Sicily*,
Haue seru'd against the *Turkes* and *Sarazinies*,
Where at *Vienna* (with my single Pike,
Arm'd in a Maly *Briggandie* of *Naples*,
And with an old-Fox which I kept in store,
A monument of *Mars* when I depart)
I did vnhorse there three *Turkie* Ianizaries.
Then (in the warres of *Ferdinand* the King)
This Hippe was shott through with a Crocadile,
But that it were too tedious I could shew you:
Vnder the King of *Romaines* I was cut,
Iust from this shoulder to the very pappe:
And yet by fortunes of the warre am heete,
I thanke God, and my Surgion all fix trillill,
I fought at *Malta* when the towne was girt
With Sargeants heads, and bul-beggars of *Turkie*:
And by my plot (innuge below the rampier)
We gaue th obgoblins leaue to scale our walls,
And being mounted all vpon that place:
I with my Lint-stock gaue fire to the traine,
And sent them capring vp to *Capricornus*.
Which when the wise Astronomers of *Greece*,
Prodigioufly discouered from a farre.
They thought those *Turcaes* fiery meteors.
Which with their Pikes were pashing in the clowds,
The learned Booke-men write strange Almanacks,
Of signes, and apparitions in the ayre:
And by these honors (if I proue a blabbe)
Then call mee villaine, varlet, coward, skabbe.

Cas. Then tell mee *Frescobaldi*

Where I may send to thee when time shall serue.

Fris. Faith

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Fresco. Faith for the most parte my mansion is in *Cinidauerch^a*
nella strada di san lorenza, neie the conduct at a good olde Ladies house, *ladona sempronio* at signe of the glister pipe, where if you chance to faile of mee. Within three houses more at signe of the frying-panne you may commande mee, at all houres in the fore-noone.

Cas. Well gramercie *Frescobaldi* I wil take the note of those houses in my tables.

But be sure and ready when oportunitie calles vpon you.

Fresco. May it please your most reuerend grace (without offence to your Lordship) to deliuer me the preties name vpon whome I should performe this Tragedy. For I may parcase catch him in a gilder my selfe before you are aware; and moylie muffle vp his maistership, with the *garotta*, or *stiletto*, perchance the ponyard or pistol, such as I warrant you shal serue his turne.

Cas. Be it sufficient thou shalt know hereafter,
My businesse and affaires are very great:
One word more, and adue.

He rowndeth with Frescobaldi.

Fre. Secret as mid-night, sure as the sunne, quick as the waters

Cas. Why? so sayd braue *Frescobaldi* like a man of some resolution farewell remember the watchward--do not faile.

Fresco. My businesse and affaires are very great my gracious Lord, one word more with your grace my good Lord, and so I kisse your foote.

He whispereth with Caesar.

Cas. It was not ingratitud, neither forgetfulnesse in me *Frescobaldi*: Here take this and remember me.

He deliuereih him a purse.

Fresco. I encounter your munificence with my loue, and your loue with my seruice, my loue and seruice with your mony.

Padrone mio molto honorato,

More for your loue then your mony,

And yet your grace wel knowes, clothes must be wrought, weapons must be bought; and Tauerns must be sought, and all braue exploits must be done, as they should be done brauely.

Cas. But that I keepe my secret to my selfe;
I would not vse this slaue for any gold:

Yet when I trust him he shall not deceiue me.

Exit Caesar.

Fresco,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Fresc. Now skelder yee scounderels, skelder you maggot-mūgers, you pompiōs; you wood-wormes, you magatapipicoes, I am for you, now *Frescobaldi*, call thy wits together, let me now see what a clock it is: very neere eight, and almost breakfast time at a eleauen, this very night must I stand *Perdue* for this bloudy seruice. I know my place and houre; I must confesse and perchance be hang'd, I haue in the *Burdelliaes* and in other such houses of naturall recreation and agility, receiued three or foure score broken pates in my time: and some bastinadoes for crossing courting spicy-spirited inamoratoes in their humors. Besides I was the first that from the *Swisse* quarter, in the raigne of king *Ferdinand* brought vp in his army the fashions of bow-sing and to vsing *Greeke* and *Spanish* wines by the flagon, with that old stinckard *Henrico Baglioni*, sometime *Alferoes* to *Capitano Piccolomini* & my selfe; I remember likewise at *Terracina* I broake a glasse (contayning some quart of *Robollia*) vpon the face of *Capitano Francesco Boccanfacchi* a very sufficient souldier in that seruice, and to my knowledge a tall trencherman: howbeit from the teeth down-ward as base a mettled coward as euer was coyn'd out of the sooty side of a copper kettle; so he was: well I will second my Lord in any slaughter for his wages, and if any man will giue me better hiers (when I haue seru'd the *Cardinalls* turne) I will present my pistoll vpon his sacred person afterward for charities sake: well, now to the drinking schoole, then to the fence schoole, and lastly to the vaulting schoole, to my Lady *Sempronia*. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Candie and Barbarossa.

Can. This was an act of such strange consequence,
As neuer yet was heard, a man found dead
Within a priuate chamber of his house;
When all his seruants stird: not one of them
That could giue euidence of what befell
But that he kill'd himselfe. *Cosa impossibile.*

Bar. I was the first that found him in his bloud;
Then warme from slaughter: such a ruthfull sight
As yet I tremble to remember it.

Can. It is impossible (after a search).
No stranger found within *Vissellies* doers,

THE DIVILS.CHARTER.

But that some servant of his family
Should haue sure notice how the murder was,

Bar. It was his owne hand sure.

Can. I cannot thinke it.

The gentleman was honest, full of sport,
And well affected.

Bar. Pardon me my Lord,

My Ladie *Lucrece* told it in great griefe
She twise before had rescued his life.

Can. Go too, go too.

Bar. Besides my Noble Lord.

Papers both writ, and sealed with his hand
Were found about him, testifying this.

Can. Good *Barbarossa* pray my sister *Lucrece*,
Here to encounter me with her good company:
Somewhat I would in priuate talke with her.

Bar. My Lord I will.

Exit Barb.

Can. High God be mercifull.

Thou that doest know the secrets of all hearts,
If *Lucrece* (as my father doth suspect)
Was priuie to this murder of my life

Enter Lucrece Barb. with her.

I can learne all she knowes.

But yet I will not either suspect, or vrge her were it true
Being indeede a violation of brother-hood & common huma-
She maketh towards me—sister how faires it with you? *(nity)*

Luc. As with a dead Corse in a Sepulcher
Cold, linelesse, comfortlesse, opprest with sorrow,
Nor since my ioy did leaue me desolate
Euer could I brooke well this open ayre
But still lamenting and disconsolate

Kept vp in Chamber, mourning for my Lord.

Can. What order tooke you for his funnerall?

Luc. He that aliue was shrined in my brest,
Now dead liues yet intombed in my thoughts,
There is a modell of it in my closet.

Can. Performe it decently with dilligence.

Luc. Brother me thinks the ayre is cold and raw,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

And as you please let vs conferre within.

Can. Gladly deere sister with what hast you may,
And I desire you noble *Barbarossa*

To meete vs at my Chamber after supper.
My brother *Cesar* hath appoynted with me
Some businesse, and I craue your company.

Bar. Thanks my good Lord: but matters of much moment,
I haue at that time with my Lord *Caraffa*;
And I must speake this night with my Lord *Cesar*.

Can. Tell him I will attend by nine of clocke.

Bar. I will my good Lord. *Can.* Farewell *Barbarossa*.

Bar. Ioy to you both. *Exit Barbarossa.*

Can. My trembling liuer throbs, my cold hearts heauy;
My mind disturbed and I know not why
But all as he will, heauens aboue for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Frescobaldi solus.

Fres. This is the black night, this the fatall hand:
These are the bloudy weapons which must be
Witnesse and actors of this Tragedy.
Now *Frescobaldi* play thy masters prize:
Here is a rich purse cram'd with red crusadoes
Which doth inspire me with a martiall spirit,
Now could I combate with the diuill to night.
First did I wash my liuer, lungs, and heart.
In *Cretane* wines and head strong *Maluesie*
(Such as would make a coward fight with *Mars*)
Then least I should with any weapons drawne
Be driven to danger of mine enemy;
I practised my martiall feicts of fence:
As for example if with armes vnsheath'd,
I were to kill this conduct here I come. *he fenceth.*
He makes a thrust, I with a swift passado,
Make quick auoydance, and with this stoccado
(Although he fence with all his finest force)
Bar'd of his body thrust him in the throat.
Guardateui bene, signori honoreuoli.

Suppose

THE DIUILE CHARTER.

Suppose this condict or my duellist,
Should falsifie the soine vpon me thus.
Here will I take him, turning downe this hand.

*Enter Henrico Baglioni looking earnestly
vpon Frescobaldi.*

Il punto verso indrizzato, thus.

Admit he force me with his ambroccado
Here I deceiue then, with this passado
And come vppon him in the speeding place.

Bag. what *Mandragon* or saluage *Ascapart*,
what *Pantaconger* or *Pantagruell*
Art thou that fightest with thy fathers soule
Or with some subtil apparitions.

Which no man can behould with mortall eyes
Or art thou rauished with bedlamy
Fighting with figments and vaine fantazies
Chimeraes or blacke spirrits of the night.

Fresc. Come not within 9. furlongs of this place.
My name is *Rubosongal* the grimme ghost
Of *Bembocamber* king of *Calicute*.
And here for this night I keepe centreneil
For *Muscopateron* great king of flies;
Great grandfier of ten thousand hecatombes.

Bag: I Coniure thee fowle fiende of *Acheron*
By puissant *Hoblecock* and *Bristletoe*,
By *Windicaper Monti-bogglebo*.
By *Polipoimos* and the dreadfull names
of *Mulli-sacke* and *Hermocotterock*.
By *Petronidemi*, by the dogged spirrits
Of *Bacchus* which Canary land inherrits.
By purple *Aligant* the bloudy gyant.
And leaden headed hollock pure and pliant.
By *Birrha Martia* and by *Sydrack* sweete
Who did with mathew *Glynne* in combat meete.
And by this awfull crosse vppon my blade
Of which black cures and hedghogges are affraid.
And by this fox which stinkes of *Pagan* bloud,
Do'st thou walke there for mischief or for good.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Fref. Braue man whose spirit is approued well,
 (As most aprooued panders truly tell)
 Vnder greene hedges, vnder Coblers stalles,
 In portall, porches, vnder batterd walles,
 Which day; by night keepes watch-full centinell
 To guaze the pleasures of faire *Claribell*
 Profane arch patriark of *Pancridge* steeple,
 The bawdy beaken of vngodly people.
 With other matter which I might alleadge
 To the Grand Captaine of *Collman-hedge*,
 Marching fowle *Amazonian* trulls in rroupes
 Whose lanthornes are still lighted in their Poupes,
 Some without kerchiefes, others with torne smockes;
 Certaine imboch'd with piles, and some with poxes.
 Others with rotten shooes and stockings rente
 With carrine in each ditch keepe parliament.
 In petticotes all patch'd and wast-coate torne,
 And wandring with some ragge blesse euery thorne,
 Which with their Targets neuer make retire,
 From any breach till they their foomen fire.
 Rebating the stiffe pointes of their keene blades
 Till a'l their champions masculine proue lades.
 To thee saith *Frescobaldi* ease thy Steele
 Least thou the rigor of my furie feele.

Bag. And yet I loue thee for thy martiall grace,
 Thine in all seruice: shake hands and embrace.

Fresc. A pox vpon thy coward fiftes foule knaue,
 And yet I loue thee roague: as ke roague and haue.

Embrace fantastically.

Bagb. Come and embrace: tis blith when malte-men meete,
 And drinke till they haue lost both head and feete.
 And driueling sleepe on euery stall and bench
 With euery man a knee in his hand and in his Can a prettie
 But *Frescobaldi* my braue *Bodigonero*, (wench
 Varlet of veluet, my moccado villaine,
 Old heart of durance, my stript canuase shoulders,
 And my Perpetuana pander tell me;
 Tell me what humors Cataplasmatick,

Excited

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Excited haue thy *Bacchiack* fantasie:
To draw that triumphant swerliddido,
Vpon some spirit of the Buttery,

Fris. This was no bannie spirit of the bottle,
It was a bloody spirit of the battell:
And if I lye, call me thy Wimple-cock.

Bag. A mouldy iest, well I will answere thee:
I coniure thee by *Negra Luciaes* name,
By *Dol Patienti*, by the subtile shape,
Of *Nanna Baliker*, by the cunning sleights
Of *Vini Clerilicks* with hir faire sprights:
By *Mega Court*, with *Marga Marichalus*,
That in *Turnuliball* doth keepe an Ale-house:
By *Nan Rusehamo* that hote stigmatist,
Now bedded with th' *Italian* Vitraillist,
Which in the fierie *Phlegitonian* flames,
Did worke strange vitriall dildidoes for Dames,
Her spirits haue no power to touch this strand,
Till they transported from *Lambechia* land,
By *Charon Ferriman* of Black *Auerne*,
Fall Anchor at the *Stilliard* Tauerne,
And by *Tartarean* *Plutoes* *Heben* bowle,
Why didst thou combate with thy Fathers soule?

Fres. Learned Magitian, skild in hidden Artes,
As well in prior as posterior parts,
I see thou kennist the secrets of all sorts,
Of sharpe firingues and salacious sports:
Venerall Buboes, Tubers Vicerous,
And *laimes* *De fisticanokers* venemous.
Doubtlesse *Don Vigo* then his vigor pour'd
Into thy braines, when he thy bottle scour'd.
Noble *Henricico* question no further,
My meditations are of blood and murther,
I casted haue too long, pree-thee be gone.
Henricico Baglion (by this sword)
I am to mortow to performe a duell,
And practising in this nights melancholie,
How to dispatch it with a braue stoccadoe.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Heere I did make a prooffe, prithie good-night,
 Trouble me now no more : early to morrow,
 Ile march vnto the figne oth fying-panne, |
 And take thee timely with thy pointes vntruff,
 To drinke a flagon of grecke wine with thee.

Bag. Goodnight my noble *Rillibilbibo*,
 Thou fhalt be welcome in the darkeft midnight. *Exit Bagli.*

Fris Now to my watchword it is quight forgot, oh
Col nuuolo la Pioggia : thinke vpon it

The clocke strikes eleuen.

This is mine hower appoynted, this the place,
 Here will I ftand clofe till tha'llarum call,

he ftands behind the poft.

*Enter a Page with a torche, Duke of Candie and
 Cafar Borgia difguifed.*

Can. What ift a clocke boy now?

Pag. My gracious Lord,
 By *Siffoes* horologe tis ftrooke eleuen.

Cefa. A fit hower for our purpofe noble brother,

Can. But hath *La Bella formiana* notice,
 Of our aproch to night.

Cef. Oh doubt it not, villaine put out that torch, *The boy
 putteth out
 the torch.*
 Being difguif'd we will not be difcryed,
 Depart you to my lodging prefently,
 Paine of thy life not one word that thou faw vs. *Exit page.*

Can. Tis very darke, good brother goe before,
 You know the ftreets beft.

Cefa. Oh keepe your way; you cannot lightly fall,
 But if you doe.

Can. How then.

Cefa. You fhall be fupported.

Can. My heart begins to throb, my foule mifdoubts,
 I feare fome treachery *A che me fido, guarda me Dio*,
 On in Gods name.

Cef. Giue me your hand brother, fie doe not faint.

Can. *Cefar* I can fcarfe goe,
 A fuddaine qualme hath feaz'd vpon my fpirits.

Cef.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Cas. Tut brother forward with alacritie,
My life for yours youle be at ease anon,

Can. Tis a foule busines let vs retire,
And seeke some other season for our sports,

Cas. I am asham'd thou should'st be generall,
To lead those forces that fight for the Church,
And heere shew such faint harted cowardize.

Can. Are you d'spos'd to quarrell in the streets,
Neither the time nor place serues instantly;
To call you to some audit for these words.

Cas. Abortiue Coward borne before thy time, *Cæsar trips up*
I will not brooke thy foolish insolence. *Candies heels.*

Col nuuolo la pioggia.

Cæsar and Frescobaldi stab him.

Can. Deere God reuenge my wrongs, receaue my soule.

Cas. Let him receaue thy soule when he thinkes good,
He take an order for thy buriall.

Helpe *Frescobaldi* let vs heaue him ouer,
That he may fall into the riuer *Tiber*,
Come to the bridge with him.

Fres. Be what he will the villaine's ponderous,
Hath he some gould about him shall I take it?

Cas. Take it were there a million of duckets,
Thou hast done brauely *Frescobaldi*,
Stretch thee, stretch out thine armes feare that he
Fall not vpon the arches.

Fres. He wash him doubt you not of a new fashion.

Cas. I thinke thou neuer hadst thy Christendome,
Follow for Company prenitious villaine.

Fres. Hold hold, Coxwounds my Lord hold,

Cas. The diuell goe with you both for company.

Cæsar casteth Frescobaldi after

Cæsar solus.

Now *Cæsar* Muster vp thy wittes together.

Summon thy fences and aduance thy selfe,

Ware and Earth haue interpos'd their bodies,

Betwixt the worldes bright eye and this blacke murder,

sweets

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Sweete silent night (guarded with secret starres)
 Keepe silence, and conceale this Tragedie :
Saturne is lord ascendant of this hower,
 Propitious patron of assassins
 Of murthers, *Paracides*, and massacres :
 Lord of my birth, auspicious to my life,
 This is my first degree to domination.
 Who can, or (if they could) who dare suspect,
 How *Cesar Borgia* kild his brother *Candie* ?
 This is infallible, that many crimes
 Lurke vnderneath the robes of Holinesse :
 And vnderneath my Purple tunicle
 This fact concealed is : *Ascanio Sforza*
 Shall strangely (by some wilie policies)
 Be brought into suspect for *Candies* death.
 Sister *Lucretia* thou must follow next :
 My fathers shame and mine, endeth in thee.
 Now shew thy selfe true *Cesar* ; *Cesar* shall
 Either liue *Cesar* like, or not at all.

Guicchiardino.

Death and bloud onely lengthen out our Scene.
 These be the visible and speaking shewes,
 That bring vice into detestation,
 Vnnaturall murthers, cursed poysonings,
 Horrible exorcisme, and Inuocation,
 In them examine the rewarde of sinne.
 What followes, view with gentle patience.

ACT. 4. SCÆ. 1.

*Alexander in his studie beholding a Magicall glasse
 with other obseruations.*

Alex. Fore-god 'tis *Candie*, 'tis *Candy*, I know 'tis *Candie*,
 Where is that traiterous homicide? where is hee?
 I cannot see him: hee shall not scape me so.
 I must and will finde him, though he went invisible,

Appare.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Appeare appeare; not yet; ha and *Candy* murdered too,
Let me looke forth.

*Alexander commeth upon the Stage out of his study with
a booke in his hand.*

Oh, oh, very good very good: well I perfectly peccieue.

By this descention of *Arctophilax*,

What time of night it is, sorrow giue place;

Reuenge in blood and fierie sacrifice,

Commaundeth: nature now preuents her current: yeeld,

Let vs adore the second eye of heauen, *he boweth his bodie.*

Bright *Armatus* increaseth she, is not combust.

O sacred season for nocturnall Ceremonies.

This ioyeous quarter is in *Casmaran*. *ha. he looketh on a watch.*

What hower of night ist? why tis *Salem*, twelue a clocke,

What are our angells this quarter?

Gargatel Taniel Ganiel.

How goodly these augurize faire auspices of truth,

Now mountes bright *Athaman* in his goulden ascention,

Direct in opposition with our hemispher, *he tinketh on a bell.*

And now there hower with them is *Aetalon*:

Bernardo bring hither thy white robes of sanctity,

Hast thou Coles ready burnt bring in my Thurible,

And sence about this sanctified place,

For heere *Festatini* must haue her honor.

Candie my sonne is murdered, *Candie* my sonne,

Candie my sonne is murdered: I will raise

All the great diuills to shew the murtherer,

Euen as thou lou'dst my sonne hast and dispatch,

Hast and dispatch it as thou louest my soule.

Tis not yet *yawne* by three quarters of an hower,

What are our Angels of this night? *Michael, Dardael, Huratipel*

In a triumphant carre of burning gold,

Crownd with a circlet of blacke hebeny,

And with a mace of Iet King *Varca* rides.

Attended with his ministers of state, *Andas* and *Cynaball*.

Fit dismall times for our solemnities.

Enter Bernardo.

Put on my robes giue me my Pentacle,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Cense well *Barnardo* : bring me some fire in an earthen vessell
Now must I labour like a collyers horse.

After Bernardo had Cens'd he bringeth in coles, and Alexander fashioneth out his circle then taketh his rod.

My pretious best approu'd and trusty seruant,
Hence in all hast be-take thee to thy beads,
Whilst these darke workes of horror are in hand,
Red *Sandall* is my fumigation.

standing without the circle he wauneth his rod to the East.

And calleth vpon

To the West.

To the North.

To the Sowth.



VIONATRAEA.

SUSERATOS.

AQVIEL.

MACHASAE.

Coniuro, et confirmo super vos in nomine Eye, eye, ey; halt vp & ascende per nomen ya, ya, ya; he, he, he; va; hy, hy; ha, ha, ha; va, va, va; an, an, an;

Fiery exhalations lightning thunder ascend a King, with a red face crownd imperiall riding vpon a Lyon, or dragon: Alexander putteth on more perfume and saith.

I coniure thee by these aforesaid names,
That thou receaue no phantasmalike illusions.

Diue. What would great *Alexander* haue with vs,
That from our fiery region millions of leagues,
Beneath the sulphurous bottome of *Abisse*,
Where *Mammon* tells his cuer tryed gould,
Thou call'st me from strong busines of high state,
From sure subuersions and mutations
Of mighty Monarches, Emperors, and Kings,
From plotting bloody feilds and massacres,
Triumphant treasons and assassinsates,
Whats thy demand?

Alex. I charge thee by the fower recited names,
And by the dreadfull title of great *Phaa*.
By which all creatures are sure sealed vp,
By which the prince of darknes and all powers,
In earth and hell doe tremble and fall downe,
Shew me the shape of that condemned man,
Which murdered my sonne the duke of *Candy*.

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Diu. Keepe a firme station stir not for thy life,
Expect a messenger of trust stand fast,

*The diuell descendeth with thunder and
lightning and after more exhalations
ascends another all in armour.*

Dine. Sent from the foggy lake of fearefull sit.
Am I comaunded by that puissant monarch,
Which rides tryumphing in a charriot,
On misty blacke clouds mixt with quenchles fire,
Through vnquoth corners in darke pathes of death,
To doe what thou demandest.

Alex. Then by the dreadfull names of *Amioram*,
Titepand Sadas shew me that damnee childe of reprobation,
Which this night murdered the duke of *Candie*.

Diui. Keepe a firme station stir not for thy life,

*He goeth to one doore of the stage, from
whence he bringeth the Ghost of Candie
gastly haunted by Cæsar persuing and
stabing it, these vanish in at another doore.*

Alex. Hold, hold, hold, hold; *per todos santos* now no more,
Cæsar hath kill'd a brother and a father.

Dine. What wouldest thou more shall I descend?

Alex. Shew me the person by whose impious hand,
Gismond Viselli, was done to death?

Dene. Keepe a firme station stirre not for thy life.

*He bringeth from the same doore Gismond Viselli, his wounds
gaping and after him Lucrece undrest, holding a dagger fix't
in his bleeding bosome: they vanish.*

Alex. Out, out, no more no more, my soule disolues.

Denu. Say, say what wouldest thou more? discend,

Alex. *Beldachienfis, Berolanensis, Helioiren, discende, discende,
iubeo, mando, impero.*

Deuill descendeth with thunder, &c.

Enter Bernardo.

Alexauder tinketh his bell,

Alex. Out out alas *Bernardo* I am wounded,
With grisly wounds and deepe incurable.

Ber. Comfort your selfe in Gods name blessed father,
See long as noe wounds of the body bleed.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Alex. The cureles wounds I meane are of my body
Wounds both of my soule and body:but *Bernardo*
This is my comfort in calamity
Some shall packe after them for company
Whats a clocke?

Barn. Very neere six by Saint *Peters* bell

Alex. Hast thee,then passe thee to my Poticary, bid him
prouide those drugges I spoke for yester-day, and beare them in
all hast to *Dominico Giglio* take you those letters with you
which are here, bid him deliuer them *Lodowick Sforzaes* name
her lustfull Paramoure; make hast and see that he dispatch it
quickly, deliuer him a purse from mee for a token cramd with
two hundred ducates, bid him bee secreat as he loues his life,
hast and begon.

Exit Bernardo.

Astor shall follow, I must haue his Lands
This thorne must be cut of being but tender
Then cut it soone whilst it is yong and slender.
Least growing great it prick thee to the bone
My lust importunes it and he shall die,
Sonnnes, Nephewes, Daughters, Concubines, shall die.
My conscience is turn'd mercies enemy,
He that would rise to riches and renowne
Must not regard though he pull millions downe.

Exit Alexander into the studie.

SCEN. 2.

*Enter Caesar Borgia with Caraffa
and Bentiuoli.*

Ces. Where is his Holinesse? where is my father?
Alas your Sonne is slaine; your haples Sonne,
My noble brother out alas, alas
Is murdered: in tender passion
Let curious search and inquisition
Be made through *Rome* to finde the murtherers:
I feare that Traitous *Iudas* Cardinall
Ascanio Sforza with his complecies:
I will not hould fraternity with him:
And here behold my meaning blessed father:
Receiue againe these robes, take here this hat,

And

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

And in these armes which I haue buclod on
I do forswear al offices of Church,
Vntill I be reuenged for his death.

He disrobeth him selfe and appeareth in armor.

Alex. A foule red vengeance ouer hangs his head
Whose heart indurate or whose diuillish braine,
Could execute conceiue or meditate
So foule a murder of an Innocent.

Caraffa with *Bentineli* giue leaue

Some-what I would in priuate haue with *Cesar*.

Cesar desemble not for that were vaine *Exeunt Car. et Ben.*

Whence comest thou.

Ces. Directly from my Chamber.

Ale. Where didst thou here this newes.

Ces. Fishers which found his body brought the newes.

Alex. Then he was droun'd *Cesar* was he not?

Ces. It seemes he was.

Alex. What by some Fisher.

Ces. How should I know that.

Ale. Sure by some subtill Fisher that layd nets
For *Candies* life and honor: but say truly,
Was it thy brother.

Ces. Are not you my father?

Ale. Ah that I neuer had heene any father,
But speake againe, man speake the truth and feare not:
Who slew thy brother *Candie* this last night,
Who traird him forth who walk'd along with him.

Ces. Am I the keeper of my brothers person.

Alex. Execrable *Cams*; perfidious Homicide,
Apparant villaine what canst thou designe?
Which I would know that thou canst hide from me.

Ces. A plague vpon your diuills you deale with them,
That watch more narrowly to catch your soule
Then he which sought my brother *Candies* death,
You know that Sathan is the lord of lies
A false accuser and desembler,
Tell your false liers they be lying Diuils.

Alex. *Cesar* no more, *Cesar* no more, thou knowst.

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Cas. What knew I?

Alex. That I know, dissemble not.

Cas. Suppose you know, suppose in wrath & fury
I killd my brother; can we mend it now?

He was not fashion'd for these busie times:

He rests in peace, our peace rests in our swords.

Alex. *Cesar* thou do'st vnkindly vex my soule,
With rubbing vp my secret miseries:
Incur'd by seeking to lift vp thy head.

Cas. Pull me not downe good father with your conscience:
Your conscience, father of my conscience is.
My conscience is as like your conscience,
As it were printed with the selfe-same stampe.
I know my sinnes are burthenous, and beare them,
Your sinnes more hainous, yet your robes conceale them.

Alex. Out wicked and nefarious homicide.

Cas. Vpbraid me not, for if that Lampe burne dimme,
Which should giue light to men in darkest night;
How can they choose but must in shaddowes erre,
That follow the blind-glimmering thereof:
Doth this one petty fault appeare so grieuous?
Which if you vveill consider is no fault;
He vvvas an honest man, and fitt for heauen?
Whilste he liu'd here he breath'd in miserie;
And vvould haue beene enlar'g'd: I set him free.
Nowv if I may compare your state vvith his,
Or your condition vvith my qualitie,
Haue you not sold your selfe vnto the Diuill,
To be promoted to the Papacie:
Haue you not sould the huings of the Church?
Are not your coffers cram'd vvith beastly bribes,
With foule extortion, and base Vsury?
Haue yee not (since your inauguration)
Poysoned and done to death six Cardinals;
In diuillish auarice to get their goods?
Haue you not (vvhich is most abhominable)
Committed incest vvith your onely daughter;
And made me sinne vvith her for company;

That

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

That both might raigne in hell for company ?
Did you not take of *Georgio Bucciardo*
One hundred thousand Ducats from the *Turke*,
To kill his brother *Gemen Ottamon* ?
Haue you not kept the Pearle of *Italie*,
After *Manfredi* that young vertuous Prince,
In beastly lult, and filthy *Sodomie*,
Blasting the blossome of his toward youth ?
Haue you not now giuen order for the death
Of my deere Sister, whom your passions caus'd
To kill her latter husband *Di Viselli*,
And robd the noble Earle of his new spowse,
Onely to cloake your vile impiety,

Ale. Caesar the Diuill hath bin thy Schole-maister.

Cas. I passe your secret counsell with the diuill,
Your Auarice, ambition, perfidie,
Your bloudie plots, inhumane crueltie,
Why then vpbrayd yee mee with *Candies* death ?
A bastard of our house, degenerate,
In whom no sparke or spiracle of honor,
Appear'd to raise the race of *Borgia*,
But had I beene Lieutenant of your forces,
This arme had conquer'd all *Romania*,
France before this had trembled, *Spaine* had stoop'd,
The *Romaine* Emperor had faun'd vpon vs.
King *Charles* had beene restrain'd, *Frederick* expuls'd,
And *Naples* had beene made our heritage.

Alex. A triple ioy succeeds a single grieve,
I haue engag'd all to make *Caesar* great,
Caesar it suteth with thy grace and glory,
To cloake my vices, I will pardon thine,
Let one of vs excuse an others crimes,
And for this bloudy fact so lately done,
As thou didst cunningly begin proceed,
To lay the guilt or imputation
On them whose death may doe thee benefit:
And neuer was my soule better contented,
Then that our woes are with rich hopes preuented.

Cas. Now

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Cæs. Now stands *Romania* subiect to my sword,

Imola furli, Camerine, and Urbine

Shall haue the first charge, if I there succeed,

Haue forward farther with a better speed,

Cæsar o nullo written in my guydon,

When with my troopes victoriously I ride on.

Alex. Holla *Bernardo*, call in *Caraffa* with *Bentiuoly*: Enter

Ay now now now, my precious boy, my *Cæsar*, Barn:

Prosecute as thou hast begunne,

With Arte, looke fullaine and demure,

Hold downe thy head, like one swolne vp with sorrow,

Enter Caraffa with Bentiuoly.

They come, they come, say that those armes were put on,

In reuenge of *Candies* death.

The soueraigne medicine of things past cure,

Is for to beare with patience and forget,

Cæsar hath vowde reuenge for *Candies* death,

And in regarde of *Cæsars* piety,

I make him generall in his brothers place.

Cæs. And neuer shall I sheath this sword in peace

Till it haue wrought vpon the murtherer.

Caraf. Happy successe accompany my Lord,

And in your battles giue you victory.

Bent. Is order taken for his funerals.

Cæs. *Bentiuoli* take you no thought for that,

That is the greatest care, which troubles me.

Alex. Come on my Lords, we will aduise within,

For I must haue your counsels in my griefe. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 3.

*Enter Lucretia richly attired with a Vyol
in her hand.*

Luc. Kinde *Lodowike* hadst thou presented me,
With *Persian* clothes of gold or *Tinsilry*,
With rich *Arabian* Odors, pretious stones,
Or what braue women hold in highest price,
Could not haue beene so gracious as this tincture,
Which I more vales then my richest iewels,

Oh

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Oh *Motticilla*.

Enter Motticilla.

Bring me some mixtures and my dressing boxes,
This night I purpose priuately to sup
With my Lord Cardinall of *Capua*.

*Enter two Pages with a Table, two looking glasses, a box with
Combes and instruments, a rich bowle.*

Bring me some blanching water in this bowle. *Exit Motti.*

Shee looketh in her glasse.

Here I perceiue a little riueling
Aboue my for-head but I wimple it
Either with iewels or a lock of haire,
And yet it is as white as the pure snow :
O God when that sweet *Marques Mantona*,
Did in *Ferrara* feast my Lord and mee,
What rich comparifons and families,
He with ingenious fantasie deuif d,
Doting vpon the whiteneffe of my browes ?
As that betwixt them stood the chaire of state,
Compos'd of luorie for the *Paphian* Queene :
Sitting in comfort after amorous conquest,
And kist my for-head twenty thousand times.
Oft haue I wisht the coulour of this haire
More bright, and not of such a *Spanish* dye,
And yet the Duke of *Bourbon* on his knees,
As the diuineft fauour of this world,
Did beg one lock to make a Braceler,
For which few haires he garnished my head
With Iewels worth six thousand crownes at least.
My beaming eyes yet full of Maiefty,
Dart loue, and giue bright luster to the glasse;
As when the sunne beames touch a Diamond,
The Prince of *Salerne* solemnly did sweare,
These eies were quiuers which such shafts did beare
That were so sharpe, and had such fierie touch,
As *Cupids* Arrowes neuer had so much,
The Rosie Garden of these amorous cheekes,
My nose the gracious sorte of conquering loue,
Breathing attractiue odors to those louers

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

That languish and are vanquish't with desire,
Gonzaga calleth it the silver pearch,
 Where *Venus* turtles mutuall pleasure search.
 Sweet mouth the Ruby port to Paradise
 Of my worlds pleasure from whence issue forth,
 Many false brags, bold sallies, sweet supplies,
 A chinne the matchles fabricke of faire nature,
 A necke two breasts vpon whose cherry nipples.
 So many sweet solcions *Cupid* suckt,
 Giue me some blanching water in this boale,
 Wash my face *Motticilla* with this cloth,
 So tis well, now will I try these collours.
 Giue me that oyle of *Talck*,

Take faisnet *Motticilla* smooth my forehead,

She looketh in two glasses and beholdeth her body.

I must delay this colour is it carnation right,

Mot. Oh the true tincture of a damask rose,

Luc. What is it excellent,

Mot. Most full of life.

And madame thats a pretious liniment,

As euer I beheld to smooth the browes.

Luc. I will correct these arches with this mullet,

Plucke not to hard, belecue me *Motticilla*,

You plucke to hard.

I feele a foule stincke in my nostrills,

Some stinke is vehement and hurts my braine,

My cheekes both burne and sting giue me my glasse.

Out out for shame I see the blood it selfe,

Dispersed and inflamed, giue me some water.

Motticilla rubbeth her cheekes with a cloth.

Lucretia looketh in the glasse.

My braines intoxicate my face is scalded.

Hence with the glasse: coole coole my face, rancke poyson,

Is ministred to bring me to my death,

I feele the venime boyling in my veines.

Mot. Ah me deere Lady; what strang leoprosie?

The more I wash the more spreads on your face.

Luc.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Luc. Send to my father; call phisitions in, *Exit Motti*
 Oh *Candie* where art thou my comforter,
 Dead and intomb'd; *Lucrece* must follow thee,
 I burne I burne, oh where is my deere Lord.
 My braines are seard vp with some fatale fire.

Enter a seruant and Phisition with Motticila.

Ser. Deere Lady cheere your selfe, be not disinayd,
 His Holines in hatt hath sent relice:
 His owne Phisition to recomfort you.

Luc. For our deere Ladies passion bring some water to coole
 my thirst.

Phi. Madam you may not drinke,
 Till you receave this one preseruatiue.

Luc. A soule vnlaucie loathsome stinke chokes vp
 My vitall senses: and a boyling heat
 suppres vp the liuely spirit in my lungs.

Phi. This poyson spreads and is incurable,
 Madame receiue one precious antidote.

Luc. What haue I caught you *Sforza*,
 Who painted my faire face with these soule spots,
 You see them in my soule deformed blots,
 Deliuer me from that murdered man,
 He comes to stab my soule I wounded him,
 Oh *Gismond* & *Gismond* hide those bleeding wounds;
 My soule bleeds drops of sorrow for thy sake;
 Looke not so wrathfull I am penitent,
 Loue and remorse did harbour in thine hart,
 What doest thou becken to me I will come,
 And follow thee through millions of woes.

Phi. Sweet Lady will you take a little rest,
 It will refresh your spirits instantly.

Luc. No rest vntill I see my Lord againe.

Mot. Deere Lady doe you loue your life, take rest,
Shee taketh hold of Motticila.

Luc. From the pure burning coles of true contrition,
 Me thinkes I see the liuelie counterfet,
 Of catiue *Cressed* in her misery,
 Ingenderd out of hir disloyalty,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Ah *Moticilla* whome I trained vp
In cunning sleights and snares of filthinesse,
Forgiue me for that sinne; liue and repent.

Mot: Oh God forgiue me for my sinnes are great,
And if his goodnesse lend my life some space,
I will with pennance call on him for grace,
And spend the remnant of my life in prayer.

Luc: I can no more, death summoneth my soule,
Open thy boosome father *Abraham*,
Mercyfull father let thy mercy passe
Extend thy mercy where no mercy was.
Mercyfull father for thy sonnes deere meritt
Pardon my sinnfull soule receiue my spirit. *Expirat Lucrece.*

Phi: Now is her soule at rest tis very strange,
As well the cause as manner of her death,
I haue beene studied in *Hipocrates*,
In bookes of *Gallen* and olde *Auesine*,
Observ'd the cures of diuers learned doctors,
In *France* in *Spaine* and higher *Germany*,
Yet neuer met with such an accident,
Beare in her body I will in all hast,
Bring wofull newes vnto saint *Peeters Pallace*,
His Holinesse will grieuiously lament. *Exennt omnes.*

SCÆ. 4.

Enter Cæsar and Barbarossa souldiers drums and trumpets.

Cæs: Fellows in armes after our victories,
Had in the first front of our happie warr,
With men of hardy resolution,
Now must we bend our forces against *Furly*,
Where that proud *Amazonian Katharine*,
Dareth defiance in the face of warr,
And yet our hopes are sure, all passage cleere,
And she before I lodge this restless head,
Shall beare the bondage of this victorie.

Bar: These proud presuming spirits of vaine women,
Whose bloodlesse woundes are only bloody words,
Talke without reason, fight without resistance,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

But on the face of grimme deuouring Warre,
With frowning fore-head menacing his force,
They fall downe on their backs as *Venus* did,
When *Mars* beheld her with a Souldiers face,

Ces. Nay we must fight : I know the puissant spirit
Of warlike *Kate* the pride of *Italie*,
Sforzaes braue sister and old *Riaroes* widdow,
Excellent valour, and deepe policie
Must winne it, if we purchase at her hands.

Bar. And yet we be before-hand with the Lady,
Hauing surprized her treasure and her sonnes,
As they were making their escape for *Florence* :
What shall we trie renowned generall?
And search her resolution.

Ces. Shall wee? doubt you not,
Nay though the walle's of *Furly* were of Steele,
These pledges should make passage for our powers,
And what? shall we stoope for those twenty Ensignes,
Which this last night haue enter'd their Ports,
Nay were they ten to one within those walle's,
Cesar (that carries Fortune in his Standerd)
Would make them giue ground & subiect them-selues.

Bar. Speake then at once renowned generall,
Shall we go Souldier-like to worke at first?
Shall we salute her with our Cannon?

Ces. What? no *Barbarossa* not without a parlee,
Fore-God I loue her, and admire her valour,
And till we finde her words prooue empty squibs,
We giue her all the noble rights of warre,
Summon a parlee. *Sound drum, answer Trumpet.*

*Enter vpon the walle's Countesse Katherine, Iulio Sforza,
Ensigne, souldiers, Drummes, Trumpets.*

What haue wee *Pallas* come vpon these walle's,
To bring confusion of our companies :
Doth proud *Penthesilea* liue againe,
Which some-time raging in the Fields of blood,
Made passage with her angry sword through millions.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Kat. I tell thee *Cesar* sonne of *Alexander*
A booke befits thee better then a blade:
Percase in scorne thou wilt reply the like,
A distaffe fits me better then a pike.
Know *Cesar* had I now so many liues
As here are stoanes or haire vpon your beards,
I would forgo them al before this honor,
Which my deere Lord *Riario* did leaue mee,
The pledge of my deere loue his Childrens patrimony.

Ces. Speake in a milder key renowned *Kate*,
I loue you well and all braue *Sforzaes* race
Yet you must yeeld there is no remedy,
It is the Churches right and I must haue it.

Kath. Me thinkes a pulpet were more fit for thee,
But didst thou euer reade Saint *Gregory*:
That he which hunteth for authority,
Himselfe should gouerne direct and know well;
He did a deede of danger that aduanc'd thee,
For proud ambition violates all right.

Ces. Be not so bitter *Kate* a friend intreates you,
But if intreaties will not, looke vpon mee:
Heere standeth *Cesar*, the sharpe scourge of *Furly*
And were your fort fenc'd with as many men,
As it is girt with stones *Cesar* would haue it.
Subdue them and make pillage of their goods
And in resistance seale it with their blouds.

Kat. What are your weapons sheathed in your throates?
Is euery word a sword then shake hands *Cesar*:
Venter no further and we will be friends
But if your words haue accents in keene swords,
And end in bloud, then *Cesar* looke on me:
I with defiance turne swords in your throates,
You shall not thrust that imputation
Vpon our sex, for I will fight it out
So long as I can stand vpon these walls.

Ces. You would repent it, if you knew the worst,
Consider *Kate* be well aduised first.

Kat. *Cesar* at one word to discharge my conscience,

Were

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Were there a Cannon there to be discharg'd
Vpon this fruitfull wombe the nurse of Children,
And I sure peece mell to be torne withall,
If I would not surrender vp this forte
Your Cannon shot should plowe these bowells vp,
That vow to God and my deere husband made:
I neuer will infringe with perfedy:
I know thee bloody *Cesar*: the dishonor,
In yeelding vp thy reuerend purple robes
Which should protect widowes and Orphanes rightes,
Appareth well in taking vniust armes,
To wrong the Widowes and the Fatherlesse
Either fight *Cesar* or forsake the field,
Perswade thy selfe aliuie I will not yeeld.

Cas. Then I will shew you what warres desteny,
Prognosticates, bring forth her ransome hither
*Barbarossa bringesh from Cxsars Tent
hir two boyes.*

If nature be not quite extinguished
These pledges shall enfranchize you from warre
I brought them to this purpose; that in them,
You with your friends might liue in liberty.

Kat. Neuer but with advantages deere Lord,
Monster of misery what thinkst thou *Cesar*
That I will yeeld mine honor for their safety?
Be not deceiu'd thou hast surpriz'd my Children,
Riaroes riches left in my tuition
And borne out of these bowells; but deere boyes,
Courage your selues I will defend your honors:
I tell thee *Cesar* these my boyes are taught
To beare with patience fates ineuitable
These carry *Sforzaes* spirit and their fathers;
I dare gage life and aske them they will chuse,
To lack their liues before they loose their honors.

Cas. *Cesar* in this hath offered like himselfe,
He proffereth to preserue your towne vntouch't:
Your goods your wiues, your liues, your liberties:
But marke what fruites thy bitterness brings forth,

THE DIUIVS CHARTER.

To make thine hard heart infamous for euer,
Before thy face these boyes shall loose their liues
If thou surrender not without more parlee.

Kath. Bloudy *Eufyris* I defie thy malice,
I spit defiance in thy cowards face.
Traytour to God and man had'st thou beene *Cesar*,
Insisting on high tearmes of worth and honor
Thou wouldest consider that their bloud is Noble,
Thou wouldest consider that they be but children,
Thou wouldest consider that thou art a warrior
And that such noble bloud spilt with dishonor
And train'd in with insidious trechery,
By God nor man in heauen nor earth below
Can be forgotten or abolished.

Barb. Braue generall you parlee with a woman,
Whose heart is obstinate, whose hands are freeble,
Seemeth in vaine and ouer tedious.

Cesar. Speake at a word cannon is my next parlee,
You will not yee'd your state to saue their liues.

Kath. I will not *Cesar*.

Ces. Cut of both their heads.

1. *Boy.* Let vs intreat our mother noble generall,
For to deliuer vp the state of *Furly*
And will you saue our liues then.

2. *Boy.* Good Captaine do not kill vs.

Ces. If she will yeeld the state your liues are safe.

1. *Boy.* Good mother for my fathers sake that's dead,
And for mine Vncles sake part of your bowells
And for our owne sakes yeeld your selues and saue vs.

2. *Boy.* Good sweete mother saue vs.

Kat. Poore boies, in heart vnlike *Riarioes* race,
Or *Sforzaes* warlike linnage by the mother
Know what it is die with liberty,
And liue with ignominious seritude.
If you your liues buy with the losse of states
It were of all extremities the vilest
But in extremitie to die resolu'd
Preseruing state and reputation:

Is said to dye within the bed of honour,
 This is an honor for *Riarioes* children,
 And for my part, it neuer shall be sayd,
 That *Katherine* being strong vpon hir garde,
 Hauing good forces able to defend,
 In brutish feare should giue away your states,
 I rather will obtrude my selfe vnarm'd,
 And meete the thickest ranckes that enter breach,
 To be tost vp vpon their souldiers pikes,
 Sooner I will set all the towne on fire,
 And with my soldiers sacrifice my selfe,
 Rather then render vp your heritage,

Cas. Oh brauely spoken warlike *Amazon*.

1. Boy. Mother we scorne death in respect of honor
 Let him performe his worst, we feare him not,
 Courage sweete brother, thinke vpon my father,
 I will dye first, be not affraid of death.

Cas. Why then you are resolu'd to dye?

1. Boy. I to dye *Casar*.

Cas. Bring hether both their heads.

Kath. Gods blessing rest with you my deere sonnes
 And if I loose your states, my life shall follow,
 Nothing but violence shall force it from vs,
 Ere long this quarrell twixt vs will stand euen:
 Farewell deere boyes, till we three meete in heauen.

2. Boy. Ah deere Mother, sweete mother, good Vncle *Julio*
 saue our liues.

Cas. Away with him.

2. Boy. Let me before I dye, but kisse my mother.

Kath. What wouldst thou runne againe into my wombe?
 If thou wert here thou shouldst be *Posthumus*,
 And ript out of my sides with soldiers swords,
 Before I would yeeld vp thine heritage.

1. Boy. Come brother let vs brauely dye together.

Cas. I tell thee when that these haue lost their heads,
 I will make sacke and pillage of your state,
 Man, women, Orphanes, all put to the sword,
 This hath your obstinacie wrought in vs,

THE DIUILS CHARTAR.

Carry them hence, bring hether both their heads. *Exeunt with
And then a charge vpon this valiant Lady, the boyes,*
This *Thamyris*, this proud *Semeramis*,
Whose valour *Barbarossa* by these heauens,
Is very wonderfull and glorious.

Kate. Had he more force, what would this tirant do?

Ces. A charge, a charge.

Kat. For Gods sake charge, a charge let vs to fight.

Ces. A spirit full of vengeance, wrath, and spite,
Assault, assault, charge noble hearts a charge.

*A charge with a peale of Ordinance: Caesar after two retreates
entrencheth by scalado, her Ensigne-bearer slaine: Katherin recou-
ereth the Ensigne, & fighteth with it in her hand. Heere she sheweth
excellent magnanimity. Caesar the third time repulsed, at length
entrencheth by scalado, surpriseth her, bringeth her downe with some
prisoners. Sound Drums and Trumpets.*

Ces. Couragious *Kate*, you that would throw defiance
Into the face and throat of fate and *Caesar*,
Such are the fruites of pride and wilfulnesse.
Haue I perform'd my word? are you surpriz'd?
Is not your life and liuing in my power?

Kat. Now that my sonnes first by insidious meanes,
Bereaued of their liues, and their states lost,
The date of my calamities is out,
Goe forward with thy tyrannie, strike *Caesar*,
And take away the Mother with her sonnes:
This done, recount what is thy victory,
A woman with two children vanquished,
A prize befitting the renoune of *Caesar*.

Ces. Come hither *Katherins* wonder of thy sex,
The grace of all *Italian* woman-hood:
Caesar shall neuer prooue dishonourable,
Behold thy children liuing in my Tent.

He discovereth his Tent where her two sonnes were at Cardes.

2. *Boy*. Oh mother, mother, are you come, wee be not dead.

1. *Boy*. Good mother, thanke the Captaine, we liue yet,
They gaue vs spices, wines, and bad vs welcome,

I pray

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

I pray you thanke them.

Kate. Oh but your lands and honors are both lost,
Had not an honorable death beene better :
Then thus to loose your states and liuely-hoods,
Heroike souldier, whose deceit is honour.
Thou that hast vncexpected sau'd the liues
Of my two children, I submit them here
Thy captiues, for their ransome what is fitt.

Cæs. I freely pardon these two boyes their ransome,
Lady behold thy treasure in my Tent,
Had I not wonne this towne, this hadst thou lost,
See Souldiers that her Jewels be reseru'd
For her owne seruice, now the quarrell ends.

Kat. But noble *Cæsar* well intreate our people,
They be men valiant, ciuill, obedient,
If you their Magistrates intreat them well.

Cæs. Take you the charge of *Furly*, *Barbarossa*,
Intreate the people well do not restraine them,
We freely pardon all of them their ransomes,
So much as is in vs, we pardon all,
Vse them as Cittizens of *Rome* in fauor,
Other instructions you shall haue here-after :
Till then regarde your charge and so farewell.

Enter with a drum, Barbarossa, Soldiers.

Lady, your selfe, with your two little babes,
I will take order shalbe sent to *Rome*,
Be not dismaid, you shall bee well intreated,
You shall want nothing fitting your estates,
March with vs on our way for *Capua*.

*March Cæsar, Katherine, her two boyes, Ensignes,
Soldiers, Trumpets, Drums. Exeunt.*

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Alexander out of his studie.

Alex. Bring in that *Opium*, and bowle of Wine,
Heere I must act a Trage-comœdie,
Bernardo is it well conected and prepar'd?

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

According to my conference with *Rossi*.

Bernardo with a flaggon of wine and a bowle.

Ber. He sent it as your Holines may see,
Safe sealed vp.

Alex. Fill me that bowle of wine,

Alexander openeth a box and putteth in the powder.

Ber. Tis a drowsie medicine, do not tast it my Lord,

Alex. Thou hast ben taster to me, many times,
Begin *Bernardo*.

Ber. My Lord I slept too much the last night and I dare not,

Alex. It holds good colour hold here *Bernardo*,
Giue good attendance, bring them to their rest,
Then giue me notice at my study doore.

Ber. One set was past before I parted from them,
And by this time they be well heated.

Alex. Sirra be diligent and seruiceable in this,
Euen as thou louest thy maister. *Exit Alexander into his study.*

Ber. Feare me not?
Were it not that my conscience hath bene fyer'd,
With flames of purgatory by this Pope,
I neuer could endure such villany,
The best is he doth pardon all my sinnes. *Exit Bernardo.*

*Enter Astor and Philipppo in their wast-cotes
with rackets.*

Ast. This set was strangely lost I durst haue wagerd,
An hunder'd ducats after the first chase.

Phi. You thinke you play well, but beleue me brother,
You cannot take paines nor obserue a ball,
With that dexterity which appertaineth.

Ast. Holla within there if I take no paines,
My wastcote well can witnes for I sweate. *Enter Bernardo.*

Ber. Barber bring in some linnen for my Lords

Phil. Bring me some wine for I am very thirsty

Enter two Barbers with linen.

Ber. I listend for that string and he hath toucht it,

Bar. Wilt please your Lordship sit on this low chaire?

Phil.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Phi. Rub my head first then combe it,

Asf. Fill me some wine *Bernardo*,

Ber. Good my Lord coole your selfe a litle,

Asf. Giue me wine and let it be thy labour good *Bernardo*
To call for musicke, *Bernardo delinereth wine.*

Brother in this cup I commend the loues,
Of all true *Fauntines* our trusty friends,
Hoping ere long to liue againe with them.

Phs. I thanke you brother, if our father Pope.
Performe his promise we shall soone returne.

Asf. This wine was good yet tasteth of the casck,
It hath a musty rellish,

Phi. Lets here this musicke,

*After the barbers had trimmed and
rubbed their bodies a litle, Astor calesh.*

Asf. Holla within there.

Ber. My Lord.

Asf. I thinke it good after this little rubbing to repose my
body.

Phil. I am some what heauy.

Ber. I know the caule,

Asf. And what *Bernardo*.

Ber. Marry with much motion of your bodies my Lords,
You must not be so vehement in play.

I knew a noble French man at *Anchona*,
Twenty yeares since at tennice tooke his death.
With ouer heating of him selfe in play.

They lay them selues upon a bed and the barbers depart.

Phi. More musicke there.

after one straine of musicke they fall a sleepe:

Ber. My Lords are both a sleepe musicke depart.
And leaue them to their ease; alas sweet boyes,
Is it not pittie that these noble branches,
So sweetly knit in one, should neuer wake?
I that am hard of heart sighe for their sake,
My Lord.

Bernardo knocketh at the study.

Alex. What newes man?

Ber. Both fast a sleepe.

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Alx. And both vpon one bed?

Ber. Tis done.

Alex. And chamber voyded?

Ber. All is performed my Lord.

Alex. My blessing rest vpon thee my *Bernardo*.

Depart now with these letters I deliuerd,

To be conuayd to *Florence* leaue me here.

*Alexander vpon the Stage in his cassock and
nightcap with a box vnder each arme.*

Alexander solus.

Sleepe both secure vpon your fatall bed,

Now that the God of silence *Morpheus*,

Hath with his signet of black horne seal'd vp,

Your langued eye lids loaden with pale death,

Sleepe vntill you draw your latest breath,

Poore harmeles boyes strangers to sinne and euill,

Oh were my soule as innocent as yours!

This office is of highest consequence,

In friendship for I consider it,

I sent you from a million of sorrows,

Into the flowry fields of Paradise.

Their to goe habit in the groues of mistle,

To feed on *Manna* and to drinke pure *Nectar*,

A cup of euerlasting happines.

Where such sweet musick vn-con-ceiueable,

Shall entertaine your senses in sweet comfort,

As the delight thereof shall neuer die.

Astor what *Astor* speake awake *Phillippe*,

Both fast a sleepe.

*He stireth and moueth them opening
both their bosomes.*

Now *Roderick* betake thee to thy taske,

What? peace *Astor* begins to talke I will attend.

Astor speaketh in his sleepe.

Ast. Faire gracious Angell of eternall light,

Which reachest out that hand of happines.

Hayling my spirit to that triumphant throne,

Of endles comfort I adore thy grace.

Phili.

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

Phi. In his sleepe. Oh goulden light of neuer setting Sunne,
Harke brother *Astor* ha:ke my soule is rapt,
Into the ioyes of heauen with harmony.

Alex. Doe they not sleepe? are they not yet a sleepe?
Be not their fences yet lockt vp in sleepe.

he stirreth them.

Astor awake awake, awake *Philippo*.
All safe and sure; oh this was but a dreame,
Their *Genius* hath fore told them of their end,
And ioyfully they doe shake hands with death.

He draweth out of his boxes aspiks.

Come out here now you *Cleopatraes* birds.
Fed fat and plump with proud *Egyptian* slime,
Of seauen mouth'd *Nylus* but now turn'd leane:

*He putteth to either of their
brests an Aspike.*

Take your repast vpon these Princely paps.
Now *Ptolamies* wife is highly magnified,
Ensigning these faire princely twins their death,
And you my louely boyes competitors,
With *Cleopatra* share in death and fate.
Now *Charon* stayes his bote vpon the strond,
And with a rugged for head full of wrath
He thrusts a million from the shore of *Stix*,
To giue you waftage to the *Elisian* fields,
I see their coulors chang and death sittes heavy,
On their fayre foreheads with his lea den mace.
My birds are gluttet with this sacrifice.

*He taketh of the Aspiks and put-
teth them up in his box.*

What now proud wormes? how taste you princes blood.
The slaues be plump and round in to your nests,
Is there no token of the serpents draught,
All cleere and safe well now faire boyes good-night.
Bernardo, Bernardo, the feate is done,
Use thy discretion as I did doe.

Exit Alexander.

Ber. Tis done in deed alas they both be dead:
Now must I follow my directions,

Holla

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Holla within there.

*Enter Cardinall Caraffa
with Bentiuoli.*

Car. What newes *Bernardo*?

Ber. Alas my Lord ill newes,
But that his Holinesse is fast a sleepe,
And this day stir'd not from his bed-chamber
I would have brought him to this wofull sight.
Prince Astor with *Phillippo* was at Tennis,
And being ouer-heated at their game,
Drinking so suddainly vpon that heate,
With much sweete Wine did surfet instantly,
And here alas lye dead vpon this bed.

Bent. Alas it is a ruthfull spectacle,
Two princely boyes of noble disposition,
Endued with honorable gifts of vertue.

Car. Of gracious fauour, wise, and liberall.
Phaenazes hope: *Bernardo* beare them in,
His Holynesse will much bemoane their fate.

Bent. My Lord, my Lord, I do not like of this.

Caraf. Peace man, no more do I, but beare with patience.

Bent. It is suspicious but we may not talke,
Come let vs in, oh God!

Car. Oh God what times are these.

Exeunt omnes.

Guicchiardine.

After the bloody Duke *Valentinoys*
Had conquered *Furly*, with the warlick Lady,
By wily force he tooke in *Capua*,
Then through insidious sleights and treacheries,
He did surprize the state of *Camerine*,
Where he captiued *Iulio di Varana*,
With his two sonnes all which he strangled,
With semblable tyranny proud *Cesar*,
On termes of trust meetes with the Duke *Granina*,
And *Vitellozzo* with the prince of *Fermo*:
Whome he betraide at *Smigaglia*,
Bereauing them both of their states and liues,
He conquereth *Urbis*; and with violence,

Person

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Performeth strange and hiddeous outrages.
By this time with his forces backe to *Rome*,
Cesar is marching; what betyded there,
Endes in the subiect of this Tragedie.

ACTVS.5. SCÆ.1.

*Enter Cesar after a florish of trumpets with Drums, ensignes,
soldiers. Barbarossa, Cardinall Caraffa
Bentiuogli, Baglioni.*

Cesa. Now that by cunning force and pollicie,
All the free states and citties of *Romania*
Subiected are vnto the Church of *Rome*.
And that our pikes and swordes in blood and slaughter,
Are staine and sheath'd quiet in our scaberds,
Our blood and wounds stanch'd and bound vp in scarfs,
Let vs for this could season of the yeare,
Rest vs and cheere our selues till the next spring.
And then march forward with alacrity,
Braue *Barbarossa* take these souldiers,
Vnto some quarter where by sound of drum,
According to their muster giue them pay,
Let them be satisfied and so dischargd.
Fellowes in armes faithfull and valiant,
I thanke you for your paines and honesties,
In token of our good heart to your seruice,
Wee giue each common soldier more then pay,
Two ducates: and all other officers.
According to their pluce redoubled,
With many thanks for your exceeding valor,
Assuring you that in these warres with vs,
Cesar shall make you Captaines of your spoyles,
And so doth he commend you to your ease.

Sold. A *Cesar* a *Cesar* God saue *Cesar*.

Exit Barba.

*Sound trumpets and a florish with drums
marching with soldiers.*

K

Cas.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Cas. Sirra come hether you must wayte on me.
My good Lord Cardinall and *Bentinoli*,
Much thanks and deere acceptance of your loues,
I louingly returne for your great paines.

Caraff. His Holinesse gaue vs in serious charge,
To giue you greeting and with all prepares
A sumptuous feast for that solemnity,
To which he doth inuite the Cardinalls
With other Lords your fauourers in *Rome*.

Cas. Humbly commend my duty to my father
Tell him this night I purpose to be with him,

Pointing at letters in his hand.

Tell him I liue in health and touching these,
I pray you certifie his Holinesse,
I will haue speciall care: and so my Lords
For a small season I will take my leaue.

Ben. We do congratulate your safe returne.

Exit Caraffa & Bent. Casar looketh on his letters.

Cas. Come hither *Baglioni* speake sincerely,
Knowst thou *Brandino Rotfi* th' apothecary:

Bag. What I my gracious Lord? know I my selfe?

Cas. How should I know that sir?

Ba. May it please your highnes he serues his Holines.

Ca. He did indeed somtime and for his villanies,
Is worthily cast of; but tell me sirra:

Thou do'st remember how for breach of armes

When thou didst stab a certaine lance-prizado:

I pardon'd thee thy life.

Bag. True my good Lord I very well remember,

He was a lowsie villaine, marry was he,

And if he liued yet such is my stomacke,

That were he chopt in mammockes I could eate him:

But for that honour in a souldiers word

Ile spend my life to do your highnesse seruice.

Cas. Hast thou thy peece then ready.

Bag. Oh my good Lord lies fix, sound as a bell,

With

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

With all my warlike furniture beside
Good flask and touch-box, a *Valentia* blade
A slauiſh dagger, powder of *Rhemes* and bulletes
Here they beene.

Caf. Somtime this after-neone within the parke,
Next, to the *Vattcan*, *Ratsie* wil be:
And as I know thee ſtout and reſolute,
Beſtow a bullet on him as he paſſeth;
Few words; if any man attach thee for it,
By my protection thou ſhalt be enlarged.

Bag. And if I do not my good Lord damme me for it
I haue an old grudge at him cole black curre,
He ſhall haue two ſteele bullets ſtrongly charg'd
Nay but heere me my Lord?
Ile tell you what,
By this rue ſex of ſteele
I had as good a ſpaniell for the water,
As euer hunted ducke: and this true villaine
Be cauſe my dog did cate vp a pannado
Within his houſe; what did that *Spaniſh* roague?
What did he thinke you my Lord?
Marry very faire and inſtantly
Poyſon d my Spaniell with *Rofa-ſolis*,
A pox on him micher, faith ile pay him his olde ſippence for't
now.

Caf. Take this to buy thee clothes my truſty ſeruant,
Nay tis gold be not affeard of it.

Bag. Affeard my Lord
Were it a tempeſt in a ſhowre of gold
I would indure it and adore you for't.

Caf. Then *Baglion* ſit thee, to thy furniture,
Watch in a corner cloſe beyond ſome tree:
And when the deed is done repaire to me:
Say that thy peece went off againſt thy will,
Keepe a light match in cock, weare flaſke and touch-box:
And take a murren with thee ſo fare-well;

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Thus must I diue deepe in a villaines nature,
And thus must saue a villaine from the gallows
To play my partes in other purposes,
The man whome I to benefite would choose,
I must in matters of more moment vse:
Or els I will not benefite a man,
And cut him of in sequell if I can.

Bag. Here me, but my good Lord marke my words well,
If old *Henril* co shrink in this seruice
Casseir him, call him whip-stock, let him perish,
For want of *Spanish* wines, and maluasie.

Cas. Then faile not my true seruant finely, closely. *Exit Cas.*

Bag. No more but by this crosse,
Why now this Noble *Casars* like himself,
Hath fitted me with seruice: if the world,
Had sought out som-what to content aman,
Nothing could better please old *Ballion*
Then to kill a raskall, coward, curre,
A *Spanish* squirt-vp, a black payfning toade.
I like this trading better then the warres
For there I serue for two ducates a month,
And not a duck egge richer when I march
And in continuall hazard of my life
For which percase my peece kills twenty persons:
Now shall I march in purse with many ducates,
For one houres seruice but to kill one man,
Free from all danger of mine enemy,
I will about it and take vp my stand.

Exit.

Enter Bernardo.

Bern. Thus doth one hideous act succeed an other,
Vntill the mouth of mischeife be made vp;
Now must I traine my fellow to his death,
A deed of ruth and I did sweare the same,
Not only for the secrecy thereof.

But

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

But to conceale a matter of more weight,
Of greater moment and high cruelty:
When any deed of murther must be done,
To serue his Holinesse, call for *Bernardo*.
He must be principall or accessary
To serue all purposes; for gold or pardone,
The Pope giues both; and I can take them both:
Gold can make hard the softest conscience;
And mine is harden'd by the practise of it.
Holla Signeor Bandino. He knocketh at a dore,

Enter Rotlie.

Rot. Who calls without there? what my good fellow *Bernardo*?
Very welcome: what newes with you?

Ber. My Lord hath sent me for the things he spake of.

Rot. Here they be very strong and sufficiently compounded:
According to directions from his Holinesse,
And speciall warrant vnder his priuy signet
I tried them on three men condemn'd to death:
For rapine and vile murther: but the first
Within lesse then one quarter of an houre,
Pust vp grew leापrous and his heart strings broake
Then did I giue allay the second time,

Enter Baglioni with his peece.

The second prizoner died within three houres

I did the third time mittigate, a little,

And saw when it was minister'd the third man,

Who did within eight houres swell rag'd and die.

Ber. Well haue you done your part set downe your bottels,
And read this letter from the Duke *Valentiooys*,

*He setteth downe his bottels and
walking readeth to him selfe.*

Bag. Well sayd braue *Pincoginger* by mine honour
Before I do this seruice lie there peece.

For I must haue a saying to those bottels,

He drinketh.

True

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

True stingo stingo by mine honour, Oh that mine old friend
and *Boccadillio Frescobaldi* We are heate alie againe to taste of
this other bottle, Well I will venter vpon it, that I may drinke
one health To *Frescobaldi*; I will encounter with this stout *He-
torcan, Greeke*.

Were *Meleager* here that slew the boore,
Like a *Beracchio* armed all in sacke,
Or stout *Achilles* in a pewter coate,
Or old *Assaracus* armed in a wicker Iyrkin,
Or *Priamus* armed with a leather Iacket,
Lin'd and imboist with Alligant and Hollock
By forch of armes and *Mars* his valiant hand,
I would encounter them whilst I could stand.
The slaues are buisie reading their paphlagonian papers,
I must haue a saying to you sir I must; though,
You be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be,
Bould to be the Popes taster by his leaue.
Now trusty *Troylus, base los manos*.

Rot. Let him alone it is the Dukes pleasure,
That if he will taste he shall be suffered,
And therefore I was commanded to set them downe,
In presence of such a fellow whome for his sawcinesse,
I haue pepered.

Bern. Oh tis a perilous villeine if you knew him so well as I,
belecue me he would peper you for it if he vnderstood so much,
peace man he hath broken vp the bottle let him drinke.

Rot. Nay let him drinke and burst, for belecue me I was
enform'd before of such a fellowe; for whome I was coman-
ded to lay bate; oh notable villeine, how he sealeth death.

Brg. This is a Noble nipster if aith, so so. *He drincketh.*
Backe againe to kennell slaue.

Rot. He hath his full wages dout not *Bernardo*, to serue him
till he die, seeme not to respect him in any case doe I pray you.

Ber. Nay but doe not you respect him, least he doubte you
suspect him.

Rot. Oh doubt you not, doubt you not, I wil neuer looke, let vs
turn

THE DIVILS CHARTER

turne our talke . Tell his Holinesse tis well compounded and composed of all those drugges mentioned in your letter , giue the Duke right humble thanks for his token, and with all reuerence kisse his excellent hand.

Bern. And by this signet you are to deliuer me the bottles.
Rot. Haue a care of them and deliuer them.

Bernardo receaueth the bottles.

Ber. Farewell fellow *Rotf.*

Rot. Adieu *Bernardo.*

Ber. Now doe not I pittie this *Spanish* villaine because hee consented to the poysoning of this soldier, but for that I am innocent.

*They goe forth two severall wayes and
 Rotf is shot by Baglioni.*

Bag. What is the wild goose fallen? haue at you Sir, might a poore soldier speake halfe a score woords to your venomous worship and according to your accustomed furlinesse haue no replyall: I beleue you sir, your wordes are not offenciue in any sort I must confesse. Now thou infectious slaue, thou compictious Rascal, thou confectionary villeine: where is you sublinatum now sir? where is your Ratsbanatum now? now where are your poysoned pullets in stued-broth? where bee they? you neuer drempt of a poysoned bullet, did you goe too? now *Signor curri-gantino* will I romage in the worne eaten keele of your rotten hulke: passion of my soule what papers are these. Foh powder, powder foh, whats here. I marry sir I like this well, ate you so pursie sir, this may serue to stop a gap in my neighbours hedg, what is this you show me with a shame to you, yea and maister of the small ordinance to, this *Basilisk* hath beene often mounted where there hath beene hot and dangerous firuice in the Ile of *Iapan*, hold passion of me my guts, out vpon thee thou hast poysoned mee with thy stinking breath or with thy villonous powders, out alasfe alasfe what fire commotions I feele in my bodie gryping fretting and fuming, a plague on your
 bottle

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

bottleale with a vengeance, I am peppered there is no reme-
die in all these extreame agonies! must draw this villeine fur-
the: and throw him into a ditch, *Deh velenodell Diabolo* fare-
well farewell my old *Skurcordillio Frescobaldi*: farewell Madam
Sempronia, for in conscience I am guilty of mine owne deat: shoh
the pangs of hell and purgatory; come you lowsie Raskall I
will bury thee with carryon in the next ditch.

*He draueth in Rotfi by
the heeles groning.*

SCÆ. 3.
Alexander, Caesar Borgia.

Alex. Haue you deliuered to the bottleman,
The fatall wine.

Cæs. I I gaue charge to *Bernardo*,
Hauing them safely seald with mine owne signet,
That when feasting I do call for wine,
He shall breake vp the scales and fill that out,
For the two Cardinalls *Cornetto* and *Modina*.

Alex. Tis well, now if our plot proue right,
Thou shalt be maister of much welth to night,
Dying in estate all comes to my share,
Caraffa loues a sallet passing well,
And I haue fitted one to serue his tourne,
Their Gould will make thy soldiers fight in blood,
And winge thy victories with good successe.

Cæs. Let vs noe longer entertaine the time,
By this the Cardinalls expect our presence.

Alex. On with auspicious slepe triumphant *Cæsar*.
And entertaine them in braue iollity.

Exit.

SCÆ.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

SCÆ. 4.

*Sound loud musicke : a cupbord of plate brought
in. Enter with bottles Bernardowith
the bottleman.*

Ber. Haue spetiall care you that haue these in charge,
That these two sealed bottels be not stir'd,
Vntill his Holines call for that wine
Bot. Feare not I will attend it as my life.

*Sound trumpets solemnly, enter a table spread, Viandes broughe
in : after the trumpets sound drums and fif; enter Alexander
in his pontificalls, after him Cornetto with Cæsar, Barbarossa
with Modina, Bentiuoli with Caraffa, the Pope taketh his
place, three Cardinalls on one side and captaines on thother.*

Alex. Martiall your selues heere sworne-men and there
Church-men.

Cæs. Here sit we swordmen to defend the Church.

Alex. My Lords giue answer in sinceritie,
Hath not my Cæsar fought well for the Church?
That hath so soone subiected in her right.

Imo'a, Furly, Camerino, Capua,
Vrbine, Faenza, Sinegaglia.

Braue Cæsar I must boast of it in presence,
That I Christes vicare of his Church on earth,
Haue such a sonne which issued from my loynes,
That being vicare of the Churches warres.

Hath in reuolution of one year,
Done more then all the generalls haue done,
In honor of our Church for fortie yeares,

Corn. Your Holines with all your Cardinalls,
Your barrons and indeed all christendome
Are bound to giue God thanks for such a Prince.

L

And

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

And him great honor for his fortitude.

*The Deuill commeth and
changeth the Popes bottles.*

Mod. Your excellencie did in a blessed hower.

Surrender vp your Holy robes and hat,
Betaking you to burganet and armes,
By which you might enlarge our liberties.

Car. Ifaith my Lord and foe we haue all of vs good cause to
reioyce, would I had bene with your excellencie at *Capua*, I
would had one bout with them as old as I am.

Cas. You might my Lord haue had your choysse of Ladies,
Bewtiful prisoners to be sent to *Rome*.

Cara, I marry my Lord some what might haue beene said to
this geere *in diebus illis*, but *transcant cum ceteris erroribus*, would
to GOD I weare as young as when I was a Scholler in *Padua*,
faith then I could haue swinged a sword and a buckler, and I
did that then wil being but a springall of 24. yeares which be
talkt of in *Padua* these 40. yeares I warrant it faith my Lord
were I so lusty now I would goe with you to the warres this
next spring thats flat, wil you eate any sallet my Lord, faith here
are excellent herbes if you loue them.

Casa. They be my Lord too cold for my stomacke, wilt please
you my Lord to drinke a cup of old *Greeke* wine with it, bring
me some wine here.

Alex. Bring me some wine here I will drinke a loy to *Cesar*
and this Noble company.

Cas. Some wine for his Holines owne mouth, *Bernardo*.

Wine is brought to Alexander.

Alex. *Cesar* your selfe are master of this feast,
I drinke a good successe and victory,

Alexander drinketh, trumpets sound.

To *Cesar* and great happines to all.

Cesar drinketh.

Casa. Happy successe and fortune to you all.

Alex. Hold *Cesar*; stay for wee are poysoned,

rush from the table.

Cesar.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Cas. My Lord it is all of.

Alex. Then art thou quite vndone.

Cas. Some villanous conspiracie lyes hid
Within this company, and this pernicious villaine

Cæsar stabbeth Bernardo.

Hath practiz'd with them; goe with thy soule to hell,
I feele the raging of it.

Corn. Away my Lord, *Modina* come away,
This traine was laide of purpose for our liues.

Modi, Our refuge and defence is from aboue,
Let Sathan worke, he neuer shall preuaile.

Exit Corn. and Modius.

Caraff. How doth my gracious Lord.

Alex. Oh very sick : bring me preseruatiues,
I thinke I haue as good as any man.

Alex. to his studie.

Cas. My Lord *Bentiuogli* take heere my keyes,
You know my study, search my Cabbinet,
There shall you finde a little Christall Phiall,
Wrapt vp in Sarcenet, bring it hether straight,
I feele *Vesenus* raging in my guttes.

Exit.

Alex. Heere *Cæsar* taste some of this precious water,
Against all plague, poison, and pestilence
A present helpe : I bought it of a Iew,
Borne and brought vp in *Galily*.

Cæsar tasteth.

Cas. My Lord it is too forceable and hotte.

Alex. The flames of *Mongibell* consume my liuer,
Bring me to some repose.

Caraff. Comfort your selfe my Lord.

Alex. *Cæsar* take rest,

Send for Physitions, all my feare remaines
That *Cæsar* shall miscarry.

Cas. And all my griefe that both.
Noble *Bentiuogli* with-draw we both,
Vnto my Chamber, I am very sick.

Exeunt omnes.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

SCEN. 5.

Enter Astaroth and calleth.

Asta. Belchar, Belchar, Belchar;

Bel. Varca, Varca, Varca,

Var. Astaroth, Astaroth, Astaroth.

The diuills meete and embrace.

Asto. Let *Orcus Erebus* and *Acheron*,
And all those Ghosts which haunt the pitchy vaultes
Of cole black hags in *Cimerian* shades
Muster themselues in numbers numberlesse,
To daunce about the Ghost of *Alexander*.

Var. Our frye region voyd of all religion,
And diuillish order by necessity,
Compell'd requirés his present policy.

Bel. That fatall wine which for his *Cardinalls*,
He destined I tooke out of the place:
And plac'd his owne wine for those *Cardinalls*.

Bar. The date of his damnation is at hand.

Asta. Be ready then for I the first will beare,
As swift as wirl-winde his black soule to *Stix*.

Bel. And I with poysoned toads will stop his mouth,
Whose heart was neuer satisfiéd with lust.

Asta. And I with snakes and stinging *Scorpions*
Will scourge him for his pride and insolence.

Var. And I with force of fiends will hall his limmes,
And pull them till he stretch an achor length.

Bel. And for his auarice I will fill his paunch,
With store of moulten gold and boyling leade.

Asto. Then let vs for his sake a horne-pipe treade.

They dance an antick.

CEN.

THE DIUILS CHARTER.

SCEN. *Vltima.*

Alexander *unbraced betwixt two Cardinalls in
his study looking vpon a booke, whilst a groome
draweth the Curtaine.*

Alex. You talke of pennance and of penitence,
Compunctiō with contritiō and remission
For all my finnes; I pray you thinke of yours
You vex your selues too much I cannot thank you,
Haue patience firs; oh tis a goodly *exorcisme*
Quem penitet peccasse pane est innocens
Giue leaue, giue leaue, come hither when I call
Byther mere fooles or good phisitions all.

*They place him in a chayre vpon the stage,
a groome setteth a Table before him.*

Nay leaue me good my lords, faine would I meditate,
Leaue me I pray you.

Caraf. We leaue our praiers with your Holinesse,
Call vpon God, thinke of his endlesse bounty.

Alē. Pray for your selues, troble not me with praiers,
I pray you troble not your selues with praying.

Alex. solus. What is repentance? haue I not forgotten?

He looketh vpon a booke.

Why repentance is a spirituall mattiredome,
Which mortifieth finnes and heales the soule:
Hauing beene wounded with the spirits sword
This sword Gods booke : that booke by me profain'd
And by which booke of God my soule is damn'd,
I damn'd vndoubtedly.

Oh wretched *Alexander*, slaue of sinne
And of damnation; what is he that can
Deliuier thy poore soule? oh none but he
That when thou didst renounce him cast of thee;
Repentance is in vaine, mercy too late,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Oh why should miserable mortall man,
 Whose languishing breath liues in his nostrills
 Vex and torment himselfe with dayly trauell
 To scrape vp heapes of gold to gape for honors?
 What were the conquests of great *Alexander*:
 Of *Cyrus*, *Cayus Caesar*? what were it
 To be possessed of this vniuerse
 And leaue it all behind him in a moment?
 Might some one man attaine that happinesse
 Which our first *Adam* had in *Parradice*,
 Before he did preuaricate? why then
 It were a worke of lasting worthinesse
 To rippe the bowells of our mother *Ops*
 For treasure; and to conquer all the world,
 Because eternity would promise it,
 Out, out alas my paines, my guttes, my liuer
 And yet I feare it not: though in security
 Once more I will with powrefull exorcismes,
 Inuoke those Angells of eternall darkenesse
 To shew me now the manner of death.

*Alexander draweth the Curtaine of his studie where hee disco-
 reth the diuill sitting in his pontificalls, Alexander crosseth him-
 selfe starting at the sight.*

Diu. What dost thou start foule child of reprobation
 Vaine are thy crosses, vaine all exorcismies,
 Those be no fruites of faith but mere hypocrisie:
Signa te signa temerè me tangis & angis
Roma tibi subito moribus ibit amor.
Rome Which once was thy gorgeous concubine
 Hath now forsaken thee: now doth she finde,
 Thy falshood which did her adulterate
 What dost thou tremble slaue of sinne and hell?

*Alexander taketh his booke of Magike, the
 Diuill laugheth.*

Alex.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Alex. I exorcise thee foule malignant spirit
In the names of, of, of ———

Diu. Of what? foule mouth, poluted soule?
Corrupted flesh; God hath forsaken thee,
Thy date expired is, thy powre determined.

Alex. Dissolue, dissolue, break, breake, black soule dissolue,
And poyson all this hemisphere with sinne.

Diu. Thy death and dissolution stand at dore,
Resolue now to dissolue, thy soule is ours.

Alex. Proud *Lucifer* Traytor, to great *Iehonah*,
Father of lies my time is not expir'd
I will not do that violence to God, ———
Taking that which is his from him
To be bestow'd on his great enemy.

Diu. Thou that hast throwne those graces in his face;
How canst thou think vpon saluation?
Think that th'art damn'd, I will declare it plainly.

They sit together.

Alex. Seauen years are yet to come, I look for them.

Diu. Examine thy soule with this count erparte.

Alex. Behold it? is it not for eight years & 8. daies?

Diu. Thou foole examine in Arithmetik,
Numbers without distinction placed thus,
Annos with the figure 11. signifying eleuen years, & the figure,
Seauen applyed to *Dies* importing seauen daies.

Alex. How? how? how? how? howes that?

Deh quella malitia del Diabolo: Deh quello veleno del inferno.

And for what stands this figure then?

Diu. Why for eightene this figure stands for *octauo* referred
vnto *dies* last before, signifying th' eight day after, so that *Annos*
undecem without distinction signifying eleuen years; and this
figure seauen added to daies; and that *octauo post*, importing the
eight day following, *moriere*, thou shalt die. I meane thy bodie
with thy soule in respect of Heauen.

Thus many daies hast thou continued Pope,
And this is thy last day design'd by fate.

Alex.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Alex. Thou canst not mock me with thy Sophistrie,
My soule is more diuine and cannot perissh.

Diuil. Thy soule soule beast is like a Menstruous cloath,
Peluted with vn pardonable sinnes.

Alex. Know then malignant Angell of confusion,
My soule is a diuine light first created
In liknesse liuely formed to the word,
Which word was God, that God the cause of causes,
My soule is substance of the liuing God,
Stampt with the seale of heauen, whose Carracter
Is his eternall word, at which hell trembles.

Diuil. And what of that? thou therein hast no part,
I do confesse thy soule was first ordayn'd
To good: but by free-will to sinne thou slaue,
Hast sold that soule from happinesse to hell.

Alex. Marke yet what I can answer for this soule.
Mightie *Iehouab* most exuperant,
Two creatures made in feature like himselfe,
The world and man: world reasonable and immortall,
Man reasonable, but dissoluble and mortall,
And therefore man was called *Microcosmus*,
The little world, and second tipe of God,
Conteyning those high faculties and functions,
And elements which are within the world.
Man then that doth participate with all,
Through operation, conuersation, and simbolisation,
With matter in the subiect properly,
With th' elements in body quadrifarie,
With growing plants in vertue vegetatiue
In sence with beasts; with heauens by th' influence
Of the superiour spirits into th' inferiour
In wisdom and capacitie with Angels,
With *Eloym* in that great continent,
Is without doubt preserued by that God,
Finding all things contained in himselfe.

Diuil. Answer me vaine Philosopher to this,

Thou

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Thou that hast planted man in this perfection,
Not looking on thy detestable soule,
Which first like a pure lease of whitest Lilly,
Cleere from all blemish was bestow'd by God,
And thou soule beast didst shamefully polute it.
Is it not one of humaine faculties,
To propose for your selues the best you can,
Where other creatures carryed with blinde force,
Make them-selues bond-slaues to the present time.
The scope of mans creation was to glorifie
The most all potent maker of all things,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all bountie.
But he that wilfully betrayes this soule,
That pretious Jewell wherein God delights,
Dishonors God and doth depriue himselfe,
Of all saluation and beatitude.

Alex. Rest with this answer, that my soule is Gods
Whose habitacle is prepar'd in heauen.
First it doth know God being figured
According to that Image of himselfe,
And then the world whose liuely shape it beares,
And to conclude, the soule of man knowes all,
Because with all things it doth simbolize,
For in this Man there is a minde intelligent,
A quickning word and a celestiall spirit,
That like a lightning euery way diffused,
All things which are made by the mighty power,
Vniteth, moueth, and replenisheth.

Diu. These things should haue beene thought vpon before,
The *summum bonum* which liues in the soule,
Is an eternall pleasure to behold,
And haue fruition of the mightie power,
Which thou didst neuer see, nor canst enioy.

Alex. Pawse yet a little, let me meditate.

*Alexander hol'eth up his hands wringing
and softly crying.*

M

Mercy

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Mercy, mercy, mercy; arise arise: vp, vp, vp : fy, fy, no, no ? stirre
 stubburne, stonie, stiff indurate heart, not yet, vp, why, what ? wilt
 thou not foule traytor? to my soule? not yet?

The Diuill laugheth.

Arise, arise, aduaunce heart clogg'd with sinne,
 Oppressed with damnation: vp aduaunce yet.
 Wilt thou not stirre stiffe heart? what am I damn'd?
 Yet a little, yet a little, oh yet: not yet? alas.
 High God of heauens and earth if thou beare loue,
 Vnto the soule of sinfull man shew mercy,
 Mercy good Lord, oh mercy, mercy, inercy.
 Oh saue my soule out of the Lyons pawes,
 My darling from the denne of blacke damnation,
 My soule, my doue, couer with siluer wings,
 Her downe and plumage make of fine tryed gould,
 Help, help, help, aboue. stirre, stirre, stupiditie.

Diu. He charmes in *Dauids* words with *Iudas spirit*,

Alex. It will not, no it will not, yet alas, no, no, no? is that my
 sentence to damnation?
 I am vndone, vndone.

Diuill. He shall dispaire, vassall of sinne and hell,
 Prouide thy selfe in black dispaire to dwell.

He ceazeth on his face.

Alex. I tell thee I cannot be resolu'd,
 To dwell in darkenesse breake black soule dissolue,
 And poysen all this Hemisphere with sinne,

*Heere Alexander is in extreame torment and
 groneth whilst the diuill laugheth at him.*

Alex. And if I may not reach that happinesse,
 Since for my sonnes sake I my selfe inthral'd,
 Tell me shall *Cesar* die this death with me ?

Diuill. *Cesar*; his youth and strength of blood driues out.
 This fatall poysen and shall liue a while.

Alex. Oh shew me then the manner of his death,

Diu. Attend it time growes short all feare is past.

The

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*The Diuill bringeth from the doore Lucreciaes Ghost, and
after her the ghost of Candie stabbed.*

Alex. What meanes that ghastly shadow which came first?

Diuil. By that which represents *Lucretia*,
Leprous and poisoned is thy death declar'd,
By poyson which now struggleth with thy spirits,
And by that other which sets out to thee,
The murther of thy sonne the Duke of *Candy*,
Presigur'd is the death of thy sonne *Cesar*,
Thou for the poysoning of thy daughter poysoned &
He for the murthering of his brother murthered.

Alex. Thus God is onely iust.

Diu. The Diuill cannot deny it.

Alex. Man onely false.

Learne miserable wretched mortall men,
By this example of a sinfull soule,
What are the fruites of pride and Auarice,
Of cruell Empire and impietie,
Of prophanation and Apostacie,
Of brutish lust, falsehood, and perfidie,
Of deepe dissembling and hypocrisie,
Learne wicked worldlings, learne, learne, learne by me
To saue your soules, though I condemned be.

Sound a Horne within, enter a Diuill like a Poast.

1 *Diu.* Here comes a fatall message, I must hence. *Exit.*

Alex. My roabes, my roabes, he robs me of my roabes,
Bring me my roabes, or take away my life,
My roabes, my life, my soule and all is gone.

Alexander falleth in an extasie upon the ground.

2. *Diuil.* From the pale horror of eternall fire,
Am I sent with the wagon of blacke *Dis*,
To guide thy spirit to the gates of death,
Therefore I summon thee to come with speed,
For horizons now stand thee not instead.

Alexander aduanceth a little.

Alex. Horror and horror, feare ensueth feare,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Torment with tormentes is Incompassed:

Dispaire vpon dispaire, damnation

Vpon damnation, hell and conscience,

Murther, lust, auarice, impiety,

Vaine prophanation and apostacie,

Rage and distraction tiranize: away,

Away proud *Lucifer*, away.

Diuill. away, away. *The Diuill windeh his horne in his eare
and there more diuills enter with a noise
incompassing him, Alexander starteth.*

Alex. Holla, holla, holla, come, come, come, what, when, where
when, why, deaf, strike, dead, aliue, oh alas, oh alas, alwaies bur-
ning, alwayes freezing, alwayes liuing, tormented, neuer ending,
neuer, neuer, neuer mending, out, out, out, out, why, why, whe-
ther, whether, thether,

Diuills. Thether, thether, thether,

*Thunder and lightning with fearefull noise the
diuells thrust him downe and goe Triumphant.*

Enter Cardinalls and Bentiuoli.

Bent. What is he dead?

Car. Dead, and in such a fashion,

As much affrights my spirits to remember,

Thunder and fearefull lightning at his death,

Out cries of horror and extremity.

Bent. Cause all your bells to ring my lords of *Rome*,
Rome is redeemed from a wicked Pope:

Car. God hath beheld vs with his eyes of mercy,
His name be glorified, ioyne all in prayer,
And giue him praise that tooke away your shame.

Bent. Goe your procession, sing your letinies,
And let your Churches through with multitudes,
Banquets and bonfiers through the City make.
In signe our Church is freed from infamy,

Car. Euen as his spirit was inflate with pride,

Behold

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Behold his bodie puffed vp with poyson,
His corps shall be conuaied to saint *Peeters*,
Open for all beholders, that they may
See the reward of sinne, amend and pray.

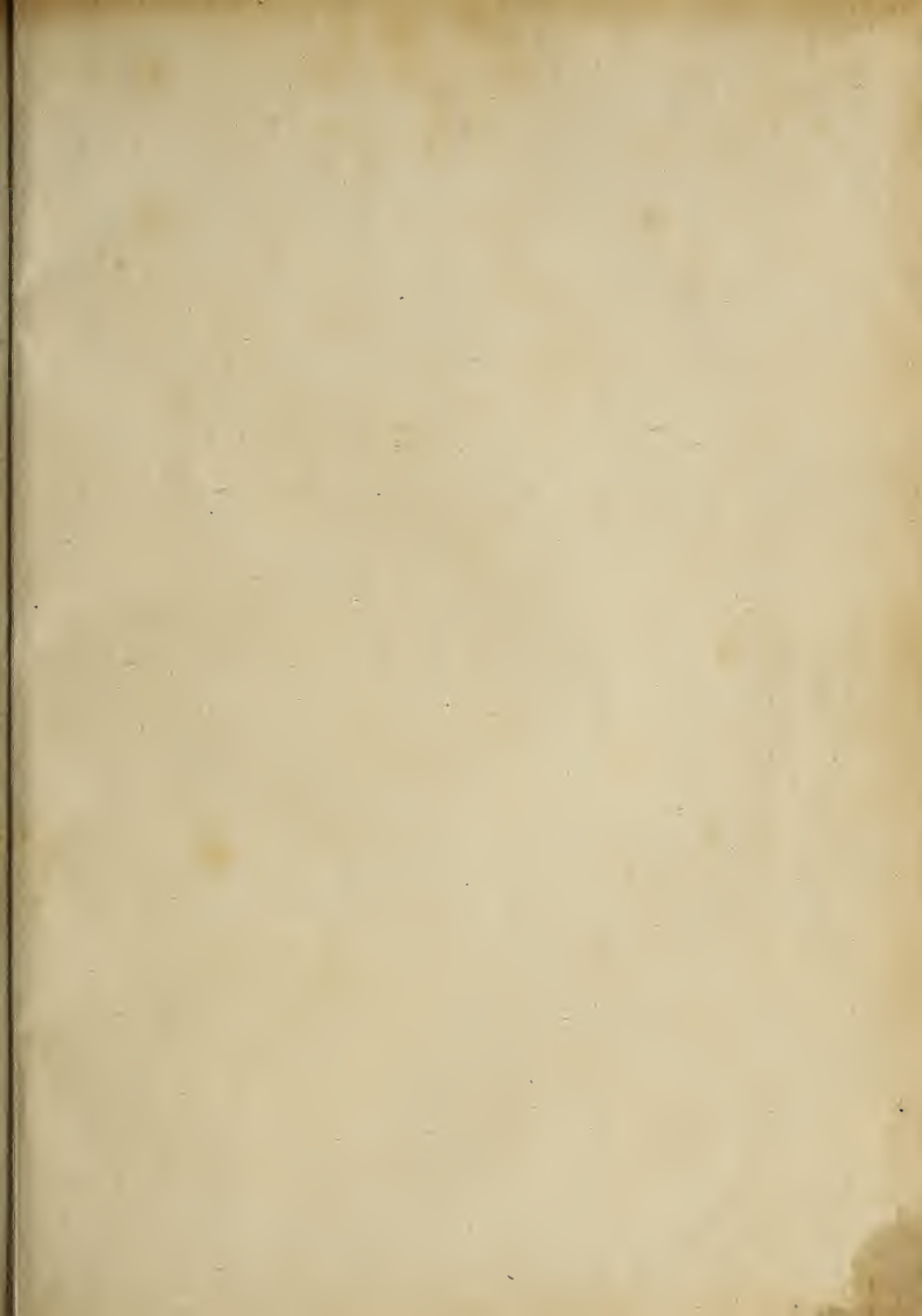
Guicchiardine.

Th'omnipotent great guider of all powers,
(Whose essence is pure grace, and heavenly loue,
As he with glorie crownes heroyick actions,
Bearing a taste of his eternall vertue)
So semolably doth he with terror strike,
In heaue vengeance sinnes detestable:
As in this tragike myrrour to your eyes,
Our sceane did represent in *Alexander*,
Flaicious Caesar his ambitious sonne,
Reseru'd for more calamities to come,
After he was imprisoned by the Church,
Escap't into the kingdome of *Nauarre*,
Vnto King *Iohn* then brother to his wife:
Where in an ambush at *Viano* slaine,
Iust *Nemesis* repaide his treacherie.

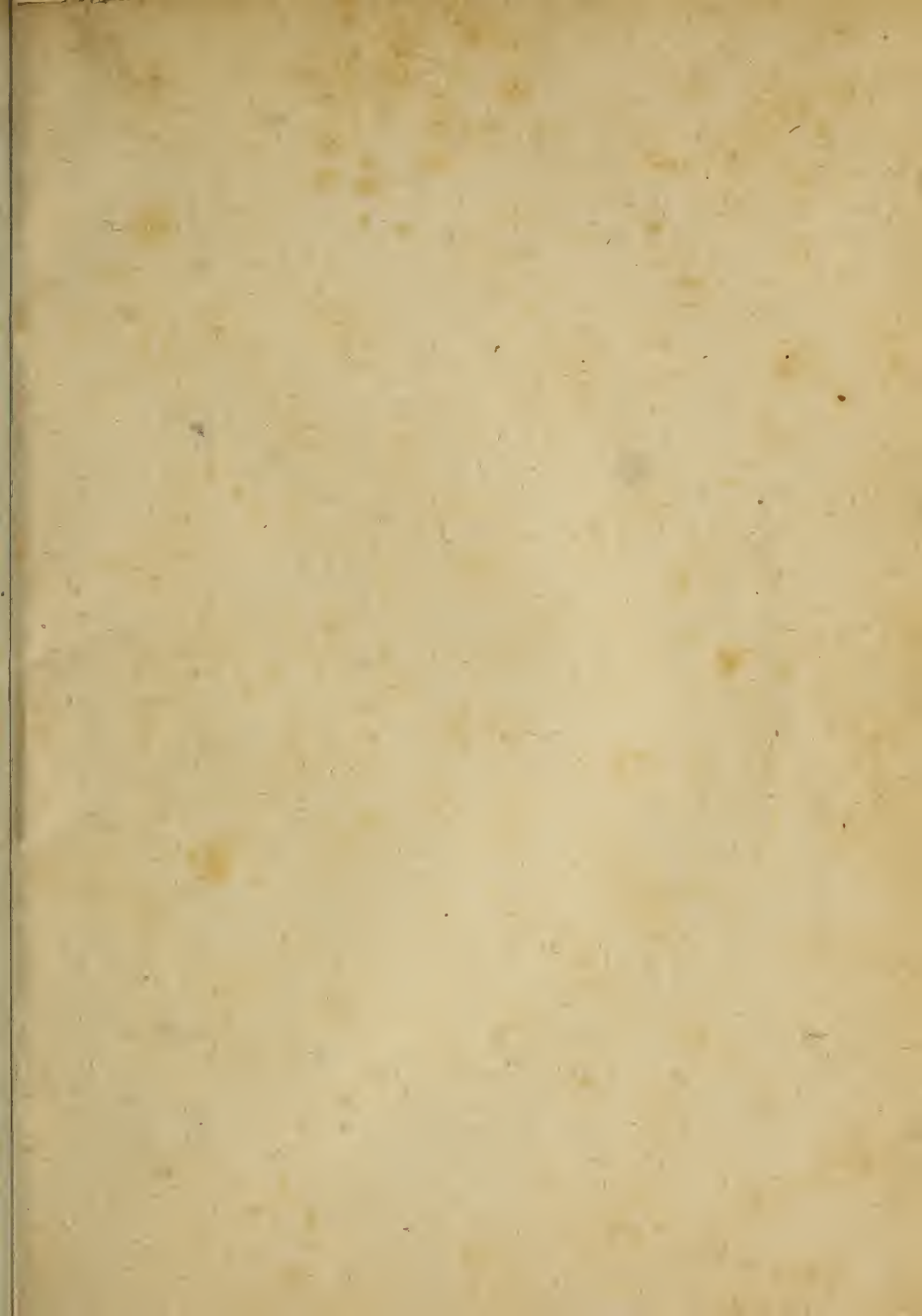
Epilogus.

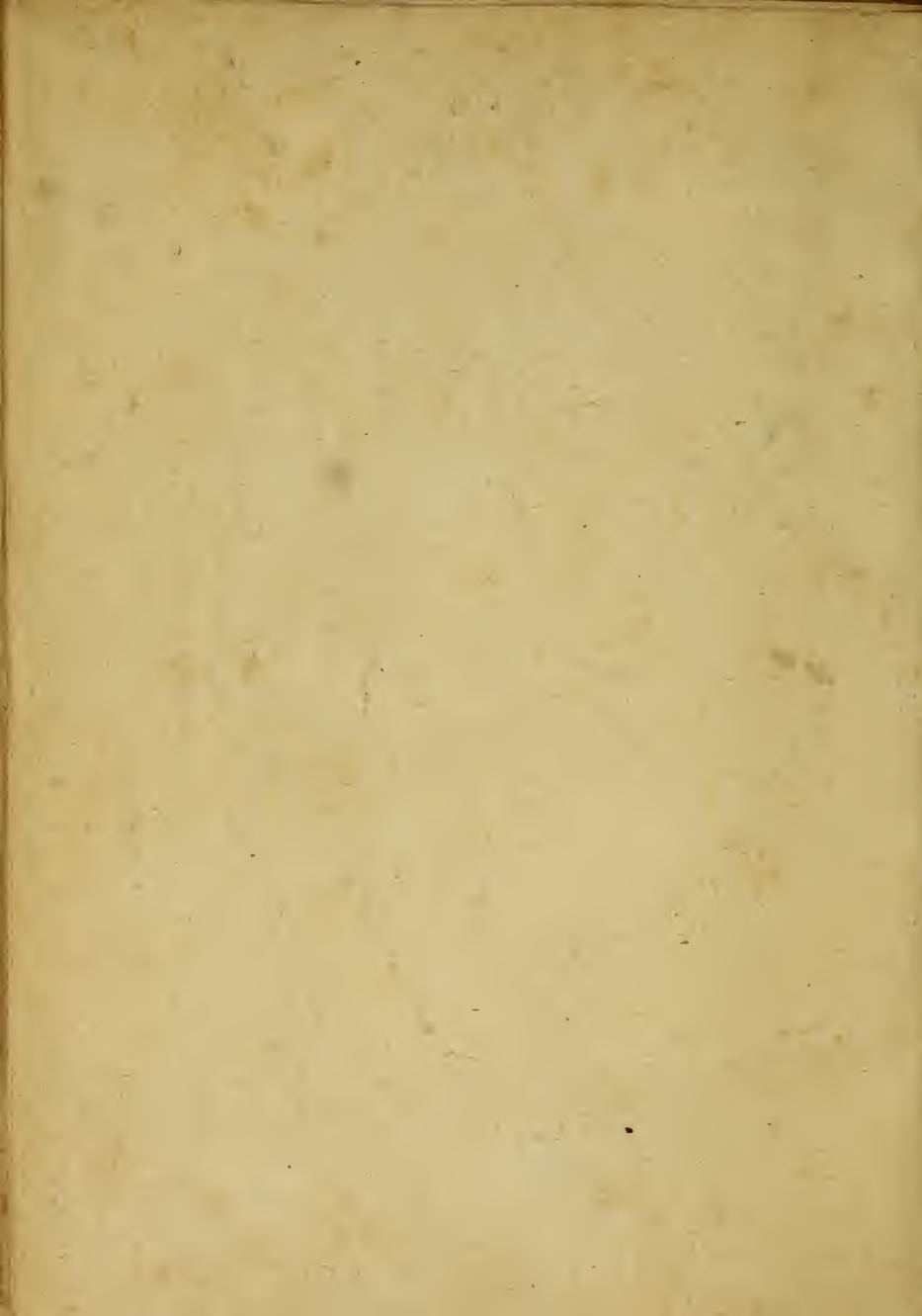
Heroicke and beneuolent spectators,
Your gracious eares, and curious obseruations,
Iudicious censures, and sweete clemencie,
Haue thus addrest our Tragick Theater,
T^e exchange contentment, for benignitie:
Humbly deuoted to your good desires,
For some delight, cause of discourse for others,
For all example, and for none offence,
Your fauours are a royall recompence.
Which when our loftie Muses shall perceiue,
Then in more pompons and triumpphant state,
Your eyes with glory shall the deed receane
Of mightie Monarches, Kings, and change of fate,
By me those persons which our Scene presented,
Kisse all your hands, and wish you well contented.

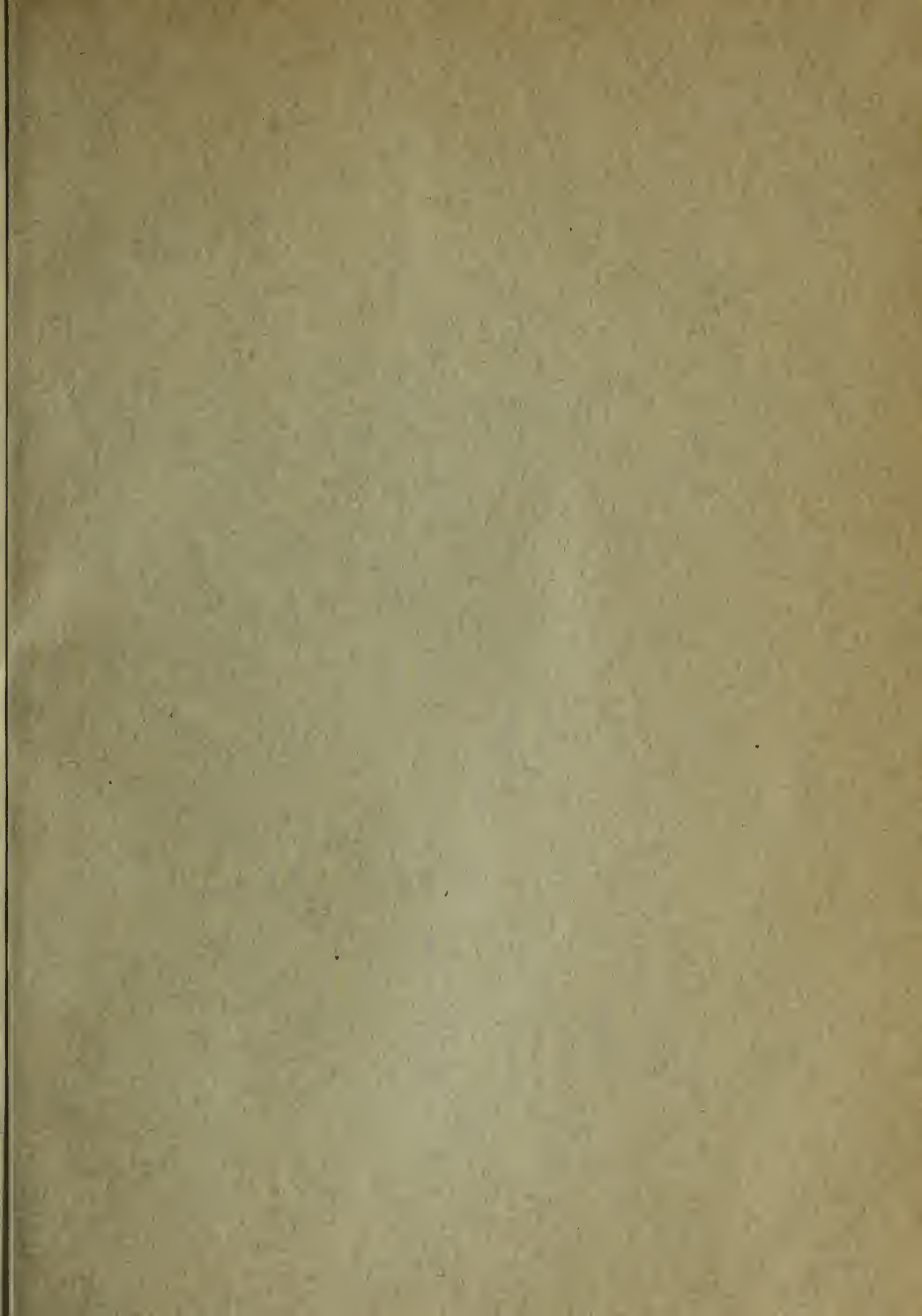
FINIS.



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